PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
OF MICH.

APR 21 1934

The New Statesman and Nation, January 20, 1934.

GOLD POLICY
By J. M. KEYNES

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. VII. No. 152 (New Series) **SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1934** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS	*Page* 73	PLAYS AND PICTURES	*Page* 86
THE WEEKLY REVIEWS	76	BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	88
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GOLD POLICY. By J. M. Keynes	76	REVIEWS:	
THE TERROR CONTINUES	77	New Novels. By E. B. C. Jones	89
A LONDON DIARY	78	Keats—and Shelley. By K. John	89
THIS ENGLAND	79	Murder Acquittals. By Donald Carswell	90
THE GUIDE. By Y. Y.	80	The Profligate Parson. By Richard Strachey	91
DOCTORS' DILEMMAS. By Harry Roberts	81	A Political Mystic. By Harold J. Laski	92
CORRESPONDENCE	82	The Meaning of Poetry. By G. W. Stonier	92
From Montagu Slater; A Chemist; Howard J. White; Rev. W. B. Graham; Codifier; E. J. Haylor; Eric Underwood; A. W. Cooke; Walter Dexter; Male Teacher; Agnes A. Adams; Ralph Edwards; Libertas.		A Bumper Crop	94
		The Poems of Churchill	94
		Broadcast Economics	94
HARVEST MOON. By H. E. Bates	84	SHORTER NOTICES	96
THE SINCLAIR TRAGEDY. By Ivor Montagu	85	GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Constant Lambert	96
		WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	98
		CROSSWORD	100
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY	102

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Prime Minister addressed a large meeting of his constituents on Wednesday; his reception, in which booing played a dominant part, was the measure of the popularity that he and his Government enjoy among the industrial workers. His defence of the new Unemployment Bill naturally fell flat, and his eloquent generalisations about the tasks and the achievements of the National Government left the Durham miners cold. They, like many other people, would have preferred him to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." The only sign of a real 'oss was when the chairman expressed the hope that the cuts of 1931 would be restored and Mr. MacDonald nodded his head. We hope that nod is to be taken as a pledge. Apart from this there was nothing definite except that the Government was "determined to go on building"—to which a woman in the audience pertinently retorted that "you cannot build foundations on hunger." What in fact Seaham Harbour and most of the British people want to see in operation is not the "doctor's mandate" of which the Prime Minister is so tenacious. It is a butcher's and a baker's and a bricklayer's mandate.

Rothermere's Latest

On Monday last, the *Daily Mail* (the little red announcement on the front page that morning read "The Great Switch Over") contained a splash article by Lord Rothermere. It was entitled "Hurrah for the Blackshirts," and dealt not with the need for five thousand aeroplanes but with the desirability of our all becoming Fascists. Apparently it heralded a political alliance, since it gave the address of Sir Oswald Mosley's headquarters, called upon youth to join up and was supported editorially both by the *Daily Mail* and *Evening News*. Sir Oswald is surely entitled to some sympathy for having incurred the support of Lord Rothermere. Following the Hitler model, Sir Oswald has insisted that his movement is pacific and socialistic and that behind the rhetoric and the black shirts there lurked a constructive economic policy. Many kindly and idealistic people were deceived by this aspect of Nazi propaganda in Germany, and it was not until the eleventh hour that Hitler's relations with Thyssen, Big Business and armament manufacturers became publicly known. In England "planners" and "National Socialists" are forewarned. No one is likely to regard Lord Rothermere as any kind of a pacifist or Socialist. With decent people of all parties a movement supported by Lord Rothermere is damned at the outset.

* * *

Lord Rothermere's influence is confined to movements of national hysteria. As an ally he has not even Lord Beaverbrook's merit of persistency. Political memory is

short, but not short enough to have forgotten the glorious farce of Lord Rothermere as the Hungarian king-maker, nor the episode of his fleeting " Anti-Waste " party in 1921, nor his firm alliance with Lord Beaverbrook in a United Empire crusade—a unity which lasted for a fortnight. " Gandhi is watching St. George's " was one of his slogans. To-day it is Sir Oswald who has his eye on Parliament. In his vendetta against the Conservative Party, and against Mr. Baldwin in particular, Lord Rothermere will apparently stop at no folly—until the folly is found to be bad for circulation, when it stops immediately. As before, it is a " crusading spirit " in British youth that he preaches. But Lord Beaverbrook, the " Chief Crusader," has learnt by experience, and on this occasion carefully dissociates himself from an ally, who, whatever else may be said of him, is about the least likely figure in the country to appeal to youthful idealism. Sir Oswald has our sympathy.

Affairs in the Far East

A new act in the solemn farce of Manchukuo opens with the enthronement of Mr. Henry Pu-Yi. Whatever objects the Japanese may have in view, they are not such fools as to suppose they can persuade the world that this move is the response to a " popular demand." Henry is equally their puppet in presidential frockcoat or imperial robes, and whether his empire is presently to include Peking, and other parts of China, lies on the knees of the gods in Tokio. Meanwhile, the more pressing business is with Russia. There are reports of a reopening of the Chinese Eastern Railway negotiations, and it is possible that a settlement may at long last be reached. The fear of war is still in the air; but Japan has obvious reasons for prudence. She is not ignorant of the Soviet's military strength, and she has to reckon with the new friendships that Mr. Litvinov has established both in America and in Europe. There is not much point in speculating whether Russia means, despite the official denials from Moscow, to come into the League of Nations. Even if she did, the Japanese might well continue to show the same contempt for the League as they have shown in the past. But in any case, the *rapprochements* with France and Poland are a powerful insurance against embarrassments in the West. And unless Japan decides to take the risk of attacking pretty soon, the danger of a clash in the Far East should shrink to small proportions.

The Nazi Labour Charter

The new German Labour code has now been published, but it will not come into force till May 1st. It is, like the Italian " Carta di Lavoro," an imposing and complicated affair, and it is represented as an effort on the Nazi Government's part to fulfil their socialistic promises. It does not, however, displace the capitalist employer, though it imposes certain limitations on his powers, and erects machinery for the protection of the workers and for the improvement of their conditions. Confidential councils will advise the directors of all industrial concerns with over twenty employees, and may appeal against him, if necessary, to a " trustee of labour." The trustees of labour (appointed for districts, not trades) will have considerable powers of wage regulation, including the fixing of minimum rates, and of preventing arbitrary or mass dismissals. Besides these, there are to be " courts of social honour," composed of a legal official as chairman, an employer and a workers' representative. Their business will be to safeguard industrial peace, and their jurisdiction will extend over all employers and workmen who commit, or threaten, breaches of " social honour " or " social peace." This pretentious arrangement of checks and balances will naturally not satisfy any sincere Socialist. How it will work in practice, whether it will prove irksome to the employers, and whether it will really improve the position of the workers are questions to which we can only guess the answers.

Dimitrov

A high official of the German Ministry of the Interior has stated that the three Bulgarians, acquitted of complicity in the Reichstag Fire, may not after all be deported. They may be kept under " protective arrest." He did not say whether this meant in prison or in a concentration camp, where Göring might have an easier opportunity of giving effect to the savage threats which he shouted at Dimitrov in Court. All we have at present is a report that the Reichstag prisoners have been removed from Leipzig to Berlin, where Dimitrov's mother and other relatives of the prisoners, who have been waiting at the prison gates for their release ever since the trial, are said to have followed them. The high official's excuse is that Dimitrov's behaviour at the trial was " disgraceful " and that he might be " dangerous " outside Germany. It is to be hoped that Hitler will realise that the world regards Dimitrov's defence in the trial as heroic rather than disgraceful, and that no propaganda that Dimitrov could carry on outside Germany would damage the Nazi regime so much as its failure to give him safe conduct out of the country which has tried him for his life and acquitted him.

The Assyrians

It is satisfactory that the Committee set up by the Council of the League of Nations has now been able to persuade the Brazilian Government to accept 10,000 of the Assyrians who wish to leave Iraq, and that a small preliminary mission will be sent to spy out this new promised land. Five months have passed since the massacres, and there is every reason for haste, since there is a possibility of further " incidents ", while, despite official assurances to the contrary, it is known that several thousands at least of the Assyrians, sixty-five of whose villages were unroofed and looted during the pillaging which followed the massacre, are in a state of destitution. The *Times* reports that 5,000 have flocked into Mosul, where there appears to be little or no provision for their maintenance, although the actual widows and orphans of the murdered men are being cared for in a camp of some 1,500 refugees, which Major Thomson organised with funds that he obtained from the Iraq Government. Medical relief for those Assyrians in the ruined villages is urgently needed. In addition to these questions of immediate relief, there is the question of the £300,000 which is the estimated cost of transporting the first contingent of 10,000 people and settling them in South America. It is to be hoped that, following upon the precedent set by the League loans for Austria, Hungary and Greece, a small international loan will be floated under the auspices

of the League Council. But one thing is clear: no Government, other than the British and Iraqi Governments, has any responsibility for the desperate situation that has arisen, and this country must be prepared, when the time comes, to guarantee the major part of the loan.

The Quota Comedy

The quota comedy continues. The French having cut their permitted quotas of imports down, with the object of using the withdrawn percentages as instruments of commercial bargaining, the Germans, who are largely affected, have promptly replied by reducing the permitted quotas of imports from France. The French cuts were estimated to amount to 300 million francs, some or all of which was open for restoration as part of a bargain to receive French exports. The Germans' reply is to cut imports from France by about 160 million francs. This may seem relatively moderate; but the French now point out that Germany has a favourable balance of 1,300 million francs on her trade with France, whereas the amount she requires in order to meet her debts to French creditors is only 750 millions. Moreover, the Germans are withholding payment on part of these debts, and are therefore held to need less. France wants an agreement with Germany for German tourists to come to France as part of a *quid pro quo*. Possibly at some future date all or most foreign trade will be done by barter between socialist trading agencies; and perhaps under such conditions the system will work. Assuredly it does not fit in with the attempt to keep international trade alive and vigorous on a capitalist basis. For the essence of "free" world trading is that the trade between individual countries shall *not* be expected to balance. This is not to say that Great Britain can afford to throw stones at France or Germany. We are behaving in exactly the same way.

The Cotton Hold-Up

The cotton operators are still, like the miners, waiting vainly for any sign that the Government is prepared to intervene in order to regulate their working conditions, in accordance with the request which they put forward a fortnight ago. In the meantime the trouble in Lancashire has become more acute, on account of the strike which has been in progress at Darwen for nearly seven weeks. Here a firm is accused of breaking the "more looms" agreement made a few months ago under the auspices of the Ministry of Labour, and, attempts at a friendly settlement having failed, the weavers are seeking authority for a general stoppage over the entire Darwen area, in order to enforce observance of the agreement. Undoubtedly the agreement is being widely broken in Lancashire, by extending the "more looms" system to types of work not covered by it; and the Trade Unions contend that, as it was made under the auspices of the Ministry of Labour and countersigned by the Ministry's representative, the Government cannot dissociate itself from the problem of securing that it shall be observed. The Government last week promised to think about the matter; but nothing has been done, and there is growing danger of a stoppage of work on a large scale. What the weavers want is the compulsory extension of voluntary agreements endorsed by the majority of firms to the minority which refuses to abide by them.

The Sterilisation Report

Since mental defect is not a single separable quality inherited along clearly authenticated Mendelian lines, the Departmental Committee set up to inquire into the proposal to sterilise the mentally defective have gone as far as they could safely go in recommending that voluntary sterilisation should be legally permitted, and that it should apply to specified types of defectives under stringent safeguards. It is remarkable that the Committee should be unanimous, and it is clear that several of its members, who were believed to be hostile to the proposal at the outset, have been intellectually convinced by the mass of evidence presented. The report rightly stresses the sociological side, since, apart from the transmission of defect, there is no doubt that mental defectives make bad parents. The hospitals report that the operation for men is trivial and for women not more serious than the operation for a quiescent appendix. With the example of Germany in front of them, the Committee express their anxiety that sterilisation should not be used for "class" purposes, that it should be voluntary (there are some defectives who might be given the choice of sterilisation or of institutional treatment), and that sterilisation should not, as appears to be possible under the new law in Germany, be used as part of the penal system. Criticism may fasten on the fact that even if all the 300,000 certified mental defectives were sterilised, the statistical results would not be imposing, since there are certainly more than a million "carriers" who show no mental defect themselves, and who may include eminent and intelligent persons.

Children and the Police

The inquiry into the allegations of "terrorism" made against certain Mitcham police by boys who had been taken to the police-station has resulted in the constables being reprimanded. No doubt the constables at the time thought the thing a good joke, which shows the lack of understanding of the child mind which persists in official places. Another recent case was that of a boy of sixteen and his sister of fourteen who were charged before the Juvenile Court at Highgate with attempted suicide. The boy was alleged to have tried to shoot himself with a pistol and the girl to have attempted to throw herself out of a window when the police came to fetch him. The detective-inspector who was called to the house by the mother gave evidence that the boy was in "a very sullen and defiant mood." A common-sense reading of the report in the newspapers suggests that this was a case of two children with thoroughly overwrought nerves. The Chairman, however, saw fit to remand the boy to Brixton Prison for a week and to refuse him bail. When the two came up on remand last week the charges of attempted suicide were dismissed, and the boy was sent to a training ship till the age of nineteen on a charge of having a firearm without a certificate. But by this time considerable psychological damage may have been done; and, in any case, the comparative sense with which the Court conducted itself at the second hearing does not acquit it of the charge of gross unimaginativeness on its first approach to the problem.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE WEEKLY REVIEWS

THE issues raised by the amalgamation of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and the *Week-end Review* have been the subject of so much interesting comment in the press that we ought, perhaps, to state our point of view.

In an article in the *Week-end Review*, in which Mr. Gerald Barry told the story of the paper which he founded and edited, he explained that very few sixpenny weeklies could live in the short run without subsidies, and that when the *Week-end Review* subsidy could not be continued he was confronted with the choice of letting the paper disappear, of selling it to a financial backer whose policy and objects might prove very different from his own, or of amalgamating with THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. He chose the last course because he believed that it would "most satisfactorily preserve the spirit of the paper" and strengthen the forces which he thought most needed in politics to-day.

First, a word about "subsidies." Commenting on Mr. Barry's article, the *Spectator* and other papers have hastened to assure the public that they for their part are independent of any subsidy. There is an obvious ambiguity, or misconception, in most discussions on the subject. A new paper cannot expect to pay from the start. It must take time to establish itself, to build up circulation and to build up an advertising connection on the basis of the quantity and quality of that circulation. The money that the public pays for a newspaper never, by itself, pays for the cost of producing it. The paper must be subsidised—either in driblets, or, preferably, by initial capital—until it can obtain the necessary sales and advertisement revenue. The reason why the British press is freer from bribes and from direct influence by Governments than, for instance, the French or the American press, is that it lives largely on national advertising, not on State subventions or payments from industries which desire to see a particular policy or type of goods boosted. Advertisers do, of course, exercise an influence on policy in this country, and there is a tendency for certain groups of advertisers to demand a more direct *quid pro quo* in the papers they support. But it is a tendency that a self-respecting newspaper can resist and which no self-respecting advertiser would encourage. The main effect of national advertising on the British press is to keep it bourgeois and respectable, since newspapers are likely to find a more ready response from advertisers if they can appeal as conventional organs. A Radical or Socialist paper will, therefore, take a longer time to establish itself than a Conservative paper. But every paper must have some kind of subsidy to cover the period before it has obtained a steady advertising revenue. It is here that the word subsidy is misleading. A large sum of money must be spent while the paper is finding its feet. This may be put up by way of capital investment, or it may be paid in bulk or over a period of years by men who are anxious to see a particular political or social outlook expressed and who are willing to pay with little or no expectation of getting their money back. Since a sixpenny weekly is not in any case likely to make the fortunes of its backers, it must always be launched by a subsidy of this latter kind, but if it lives long enough the money at first put down for altruistic reasons may prove at length to have been profitably invested. The *Week-end Review* is a case of a paper which was hard hit by the depression when it was too young to stand the strain. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, made up of two long-established papers, has acquired a sufficient influence, circulation and advertising revenue to pass beyond the stage in which subsidies are necessary. So far any profits made have gone back into reserves. Whether it will ever pay dividends or not has not been considered. It is not a profit-seeking organisation. It has proved that a sixpenny paper of Left Wing opinions can be independent, outspoken and run counter to majority opinion and at the same time appeal to a large enough public to achieve a stable position. It is read by people of all or no party, many of whom do not agree with its political opinions. Intelligent people realise the need of reading something with which they do not agree. The decision of the *Week-end Review* to join forces with us has produced an immediate and large response, without any advertisement on our side, from both advertisers and readers.

In other quarters it has been suggested that amalgamation is a synonym of death. It is obviously true that when two papers merge there must be one editorial policy, and that if the two papers have been opposed to each other in outlook and tradition amalgamation will mean the merging of the smaller paper in the larger. Even where this occurs it would seem no worse fate than the alternative of selling the name to a new group of backers who wish to exploit the goodwill of the paper without continuing its policy. The case of the *Saturday Review* is singularly apposite. Once a first-class review in which Bernard Shaw and Max Beerbohm did some of their best work, it fell upon evil days towards the end of Frank Harris's remarkable, but financially disreputable, period of editorship. It was revived and once again became an admirable paper in the hands of Mr. Gerald Barry. Rather than forfeit editorial independence, he left it to found a new paper. His gallant stand for independent journalism at once established the reputation of the *Week-end Review*, while the *Saturday Review* lingered on, changing hands, losing with each change something of its past. Mr. Barry, for the second time in his journalistic career, has been more concerned to keep alive the spirit than the body. To have become the home of the spirit of more than one courageous effort, to keep alive ideas, free discussion, unorthodox political views, the intelligent love of literature, drama and the arts, is a destiny of which this journal is very proud.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GOLD POLICY

UP to this week President Roosevelt's powers in relation to gold have been permissive only. It has been uncertain how he would exercise them, how far the policy of the moment would be adhered to, and, recently, whether there was any serious intention of making paper declarations effective. The vital importance, therefore, of the measures announced in Washington last Monday is that within certain prescribed limits the gold policy of the United States becomes not merely permissive but mandatory. The dollar is to be definitely devalued down to a level not exceeding 60 per cent. of the old parity with permissive powers to fix it from time to time at a discretionary figure between 60 per cent. and 50 per cent. of the old value. At the moment of writing the *de facto* gold value of the dollar is not yet equal to its *de jure* value under the new legislation. But it is only common sense to assume that

the two values must after a short time come together. The definiteness thus introduced into the situation sets our authorities a new problem, but it also represents some progress towards the final solution.

At the present time France is on the gold standard, whilst we are not. The effect of the President's declaration, therefore, is to set a maximum value to the dollar in terms of francs so long as France remains on the gold standard; but it still leaves sterling to find a level somewhere between francs and dollars as determined by the policy of the Exchange Equalisation Fund and the pressure of business and speculative forces. Unless prices in America are to rise far more than seems likely, France is put in a position which is very difficult and probably in the long run untenable. But since the United States has now returned to gold within certain maximum limits of fluctuation, it leaves France free to rectify her position whenever she is prepared to do so by altering her own gold parity. Meanwhile we are in a middle position, free to allow sterling to depreciate on the franc or to appreciate on the dollar or to enjoy and suffer a bit of both.

The provisional position of equilibrium when it is reached will probably leave France and the other gold countries with currencies seriously over-valued in terms of sterling as well as in terms of dollars, and with sterling over-valued in relation to the dollar. The position may be appreciably aggravated compared with what it has been until recently, but not in the short run sensationally worse. The adjustment required between the franc and the dollar as compared with a month ago is of the order of 7 or 8 per cent., of which about half has been accomplished already. Thus the fluctuations involved are not large compared with those to which we have become accustomed. We are faced, therefore, with a situation which is not untenable in the short run, but is likely, nevertheless, to become intolerable in course of time.

This brings us to the second and more important phase introduced by the President's announcement. He has virtually offered this country and France an invitation to a monetary conference. At the same time he has set sufficient limits to the uncertainty of his own future policy to provide a basis for discussion. Apart from the difficulties of the transition, I see nothing in the President's scheme which need upset us and much that we should do well to approve. It is true that the rest of us will not find it easy to come to terms with him unless we substantially accept his view as to the future value of gold in terms of the leading world currencies. But why not? A high value for gold is in fact in our interest as much as in his, since it diminishes the burden of national debts through the profit on Central Bank Reserves, a profit, probably, of more than £200,000,000 in our case, and increases the nominal value of these reserves to an extent which should free Central Banks of needless anxiety if on other grounds they are moved to adopt expansionist policies. At the same time the permitted variation in the gold value of the dollar will allow sufficient latitude for price changes in the United States on a somewhat larger scale than those elsewhere, the margin of 20 per cent. thus provided being sufficient for any probable contingency.

The task of coming to terms with the President sets a more anxious problem for the gold currency countries than it does for us. It is reasonably certain that the existing gold value of the franc and the florin can scarcely be compatible in the long run with the new gold value of the dollar. The gold currency countries have to choose whether they will embark on an expensive campaign probably doomed to ultimate failure, or whether they will eat some of their many unnecessarily brave words about maintaining their existing parities with gold at all costs. If, in the end, the result of the President's action is to knock them off their gold perches, the final result will surely be in the interest of their citizens.

If the President's phrases about his ultimate objective of stabilising the purchasing power of the dollar are meant seriously, the purpose of a monetary conference would not be to return to an old-fashioned gold standard. Initial relative exchange values for the several currencies having been fixed, the conference would presumably aim for the future not at rigid gold parities, but at provisional parities from which the parties to the conference would agree not to depart except for substantial reasons arising out of their balance of trade or the exigencies of domestic price policy.

I cannot doubt but that the President's announcement means real progress. He has adopted a middle course between old-fashioned orthodoxy and the extreme inflationists. I see nothing in his policy which need be disturbing to business confidence. In conjunction with his spending programme, which seems at last to be getting under way, it is likely to succeed in putting the United States on the road to recovery. If America is able to emerge from the trough of the slump, it is probable that the industrial activity of the whole world will move upwards for some months to come. It is the problem of how to avoid falling into another slump after no long interval which will be still unsolved. J. M. KEYNES

THE TERROR CONTINUES

SONNENBURG CONCENTRATION CAMP.

I

[The impression that the Nazi Terror has now ceased appears to have gained ground in this country, thanks to the efforts of the German Ministry of Propaganda and of sympathisers here. In fact it continues unabated, though with increased secrecy. As an important additional evidence of this, we print the following translation of part of a report (covering the events of several months) which recently found its way out of Sonnenburg Concentration Camp. The statement has been compared and found to tally in detail with the experiences of others who were present at the time.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

AT the outset the prisoners were guarded by S. A. men and a police-squad told off for "special service." Things were bad enough then, but the police squad under Lieutenant Sigmund which came afterwards dealt with even greater rigour with the prisoners. Sergeant-Major E. Bauer was the man who distinguished himself most in this respect.

One example: On July 14th, 1933, all the inmates of the West Wing had one forenoon to practise getting up and lying down 206 times, and to run round from time to time, wheeling in line, etc. As a result, thirty-six fainted and were carried off the place; there was not one malingerer among them. The men were nothing but lumps of mud streaming with perspiration. The torture was continued during the afternoon; again there were people fainting; and even in the evening, when there was to have been the so-called "Community-hour," Bauer continued his torments. Those who had collapsed were carried across the Eastern quadrangle into hospital. There the prisoners of the East and North wings had their free hour. When they saw how their half-dead comrades were being carried past them, they stopped singing the gay songs which they had been ordered to sing and began to sing the song *I Had a Comrade*. This was regarded as a mutiny; and so the same fate was meted out to the prisoners of the North and East Wing. For two days all prisoners were subjected to the drill as I have described it. Seventy per cent. were ill after that. Lieutenant Sigmund stopped the infantry-drill after that, but he also forbade every foregathering of the prisoners; smoking, too, was stopped for a week. The Lieutenant made us a speech in which he said that the prisoners should not complain about bad treatment and should not bring forward the excuse that they had families at home. They should have their eyes on Russia; there the family was destroyed and polygamy introduced, etc.

At the end of July, the police squad was replaced by the S.S. Troop 27 from Frankfurt-on-Oder. During the first period of his service Max Muller, an S.S. man, commanded the infantry drill. Indescribable scenes happened during his command. He considered it his task to make the newcomers "rally." A Social Democrat workman from Frankfurt-on-Oder could not stand this torture any longer. He hanged

himself in the East Wing on Station 3 in his cell. As the cause of his death they gave " unsound mind."

At the end of August the workman Benke, from Furstenwalde, was brought in. He was about forty-eight years of age, father of five children. The S.S. troop-leader Höhne drove him with incessant blows on the neck up and down the ranks of the prisoners who were lined up, and Benke had to say aloud that he had stabbed a Stahlhelm man in 1930 with a pocket-knife. Then B. was handed over to the Sports Master of the S.S. For hours he had to do " Liegestütz " (the up and down spread-eagle exercise) on his fingers and toes, interrupted by innumerable " Kniebeugen " (knee-bending exercises) always ten at a time. As a murderer he was taken to the Round Cell, next to the kitchen. There he was shown like an animal to all visiting S.A. men, who considered it a matter of honour to ill-treat him with their fists or truncheons. Several attempts at suicide by B. were frustrated as he was strongly guarded. He was not allowed to sit all day long ; if he was caught sitting, he was again beaten. He could not sleep because the guards had orders to call him at regular intervals during the night. After two weeks news came that the real murderers of the Stahlhelm man had been found. Now, after B. had been beaten almost into a cripple, he was asked ironically " why he hadn't said at once that he was innocent." B. lay for weeks gravely ill in hospital.

S.S. Troop-Leader Adrian . . . beat the prisoners mercilessly. His particular province was those under arrest in the cellars of the East Wing and West Wings. At 8 p.m. they had to do infantry drill on the East quadrangle. Adrian's expressions are indescribable. Blows hailed on the prisoners incessantly. Those who had fainted were given a new treatment, devised by Adrian ; when a prisoner under those inhuman exertions broke down, the other prisoners, under the sharpest threats, dragged him under the pump. When his face turned upwards, he had cold water pumped on to it till he came to again. This procedure Adrian accompanied with vigorous blows with his belt. Then the infantry drill was resumed. Only when a prisoner had had this " Swedish drink " (as Adrian called it) three or four times was he brought into hospital. The S.S. ambulance man looked on and waited till one had had his portion.

(Follows a description of how a syphilitic prisoner was exhibited and ill-treated until he hanged himself, in the second week of September).

After that Adrian got three new victims—a Jewish manufacturer from Altkarbe, with his two sons. He was brought to Sonnenburg because he had paid, they said, too low wages. To mention in detail the insults and ill-treatment meted out to these three Jews would be too much ; they can be imagined after what I have said. The two sons were not only beaten all day long in the quadrangle but also at night. Their shrieks kept all the prisoners in the East Wing awake. When they washed they received blows without interruption on their naked bodies, which soon were as black as those of most of the prisoners who had been in the hands of Adrian. One day the Jews had to carry full pails of excrement and to go marching and jumping with them. When the excrement fell out, they had to put it back with their hands. Both the sons attempted suicide, but, being strictly guarded, it was in vain. They were punished with new heavy beatings. Many prisoners who had suffered terrible things when they were soldiers at the front were terribly shocked when after a short time they saw the bodies of the sons.

Several times both the sons were misused by homosexual S.S. guards who were on night duty in the East Wing. This fact was communicated to the administrative director by an anonymous letter. The information was subsequently fully confirmed.

Ill-treatment then stopped for a short time, but the Commanding Officer forbade all prisoners to smoke and to receive parcels for a whole fortnight. Also the permission to visit was withdrawn till shortly before the elections, the reason given being that visitors had circulated atrocity stories about the camp amongst the public.

As soon as a Commission is announced, the order is given out to clean everything up.

Food is very bad. There was very little fat ; margarine was always rancid. In the morning there was plum jam which was sour and caused indigestion. The former Communist deputy, Willi Kaspar, is ruined for life by the ill-treatment. He is now in hospital and has continual attacks.

II

A later report, received at the end of November, speaks of the " election " of November 12th. All the prisoners had to ask for election slips and to vote " Yes." (In the Brandenburg Concentration Camp the prisoners were even given forms for this purpose, which they had to send home.)

Visitors were not, after all, allowed again. Visits have now been forbidden for four months.

Before the election, the prisoners were all told that if the result were good, there would be discharge for all—if bad, terrible beatings. Seven hundred voted " Yes " : 50 " No," and about 50 handed in non-valid papers. If the vote had been free, only a very few would have voted " Yes." The result was due to pressure. Guards admitted this. Votes were counted by a few quite trustworthy S.S. men.

The Camp contained 800, but now will contain 1,500 ; all heavy cases from Prussia are to be concentrated there. During the last two weeks transports had come from Breslau, Magdeburg, Wiesbaden and Hanau. Newcomers were being badly ill-treated again, as before, during the first part of their stay.

The successor of the ill-famed Stormleader Adrian (the report continued) is now the S.S. Ambulanceman Gasda from Frankfort-on-Oder. He has designed special torments for the prisoners. One of the newcomers had to lick the behind of the prison cat in front of the lined-up prisoners. Another prisoner had to stir excrements in a pail with his hands and to knead them.

Even among some of the S.S. men indignation about these torments is slowly manifesting itself.

A short while ago an S.S. man was on leave at home (his home is believed to have been at Trebbin). He reported truthfully what treatment the prisoners received and stated that in this way all prisoners were to be slowly destroyed. The Governor of the Camp was informed about this and on his return the S.S. man was brought before him. Since November 24th he has disappeared without trace. The S.S. men believe he was murdered by a secret society (Fememord).

A LONDON DIARY

WICKED though we all know motorists to be, I find rather terrifying these letters that have been appearing in the *Times* on the question of driving when under the influence of alcohol. Being drunk in charge of a car is a callous crime which should be severely dealt with. But what does " under the influence " mean ? One correspondent writes to the *Times* championing the new " blood test," whereby from a single drop of blood taken at the time of arrest there can be estimated the actual percentage of alcohol which was circulating in the blood ; " and it is to be remembered," he adds, " that such a small quantity as 0.1 per cent. may produce such symptoms as to show a person is ' under the influence of drink.' " It is all very nice to be scientific, but when this correspondent goes on to demand that proof of any larger quantity in the blood than this minimum should " render the offender liable to certain magisterial conviction " I am moved to protest that while this method may be perfectly good chemistry it would make perfectly rotten law. Drink takes different people differently, as we all know without consulting a test tube. To an extent, everyone is " under the influence of drink " ten minutes after swallowing half a pint ; and while this amount, or double it, might be enough to produce the in-

criminating 0.125 per cent. of alcohol in the blood-stream there are comparatively few people whose driving would be affected by it.

* * *

I doubt if this problem can be justly settled by a set laboratory standard. For instance, there are certain "highly strung" people whose driving is actually improved by their taking a small quantity of alcohol, which has the wholesome effect of steadying reflexes that are normally over-quick. One could argue, I suppose, that such persons should not drive at all, and this raises another question. Which is it that matters, the drink-taking or the capacity? I ask because the most curious argument used by the same writer to the *Times* is that "there are other drugs, and insulin is given as one, which may produce similar effects, and it is therefore essential that the driver should be *cleared*, if possible, by a scientific test" (my italics). Cleared of what? What is at stake, public safety or private morals? I had supposed in my simple way that if a driver under the influence of, let us say, insulin, to such an extent as to be incapable of having proper control of his car, knocked a man down and killed him he would be as guilty of a crime as is the driver who has taken drink. But apparently I am wrong. Apparently it is drinking that is the crime.

* * *

I know no man who can be relied upon to give a more authoritative account of the movement of opinion in India than C. F. Andrews. He has recently returned from a visit during which he travelled over a large part of the country. He reports, first, that the lull in political activity is primarily due to everyone being tired. Congress is tired, and the Government is tired. He does not regard this as a healthy calm. Bitterness has grown very much during the last few years—bitterness on both the British and the Indian side. The one person who makes progress is Gandhi, who, given unconditional release, has eschewed politics for the time being and is touring the country preaching the abolition of untouchability. Andrews thinks he is making great progress with the caste Hindus. In Madras, where they are strongest and where Gandhi might have expected the maximum opposition, he has been welcomed most warmly. Indeed the crowds that follow him are greater than ever before—so great that meetings, in the usual sense, with speeches become at times impossible. Whatever else is true it appears to me clear that this is a good thing. Gandhi is attacking the evils of the caste system—the most fundamental of social wrongs which will have to be got rid of whether India is ruled by Indians or by Englishmen.

* * *

Andrews has seen a good deal of the countryside. The world depression has hit the Indian agriculturist as severely as the farmers of the Middle West. The poverty is appalling, the land is mortgaged and the landowners are as much in the hands of money-lenders as the small peasant proprietors. Indeed Bombay and Madras are rather less badly hit than Bengal and the United Provinces because the peasant only has to pay taxes as well as feed himself from his land, while the farmer in other provinces has to pay rent in addition. Calcutta, depending largely on export trade, is the worst off of all. The question is what the Government is going to do with this deathly "lull." Unless it can do something to improve the economic situation, and offer a constitutional change which will give the student and politically minded class which is now in despair something to hope for and something to do, he fears that a vicious circle of violence and repression may begin all over again.

* * *

A very interesting situation is developing in the Irish Free State over the case of Mr. Dennigan, the political correspondent of the *Irish Press*. Very briefly, the facts are these. Mr. Dennigan wrote a paragraph in the *Irish Press* to the effect that members of the proscribed Blue Shirts would be given a few days' grace to clear up their affairs and get out of the organisation before the authorities took proceedings against them. Persons who were shortly after proceeded against pointed in defence to this paragraph, which, since it occurred in De Valera's own organ, they said they had taken to be officially inspired. Called to the witness box, Mr. Dennigan refused to disclose the source of his information, on the ground that it would be betraying a confidence. He was sentenced by the court to a month's imprisonment for contempt. The National Union of Journalists thereupon briefed a distinguished K.C. to argue for Mr. Dennigan's release, taking the view that his action was a matter of journalistic privilege. The situation is complicated because, although in law a journalist is no more free than a doctor or priest to refuse to divulge facts to a court, precedent has in fact shown judges to be rather more zealous to protect the journalist, and has laid it down that, before he can be committed for refusing to speak, it must be shown that the evidence at issue is not only admissible and relevant, but is also of such a nature that to withhold it definitely obstructs the course of justice. As one of the accused in this case admitted that he hadn't read the paragraph in question, it looks as though Mr. Dennigan might have escaped under the latter ruling. In any case, the court, while refusing to release him, appears to have been sufficiently impressed by counsel's argument to avoid committing itself further and disallowed the putting of a similar question to Mr. Gallacher, editor of the *Irish Press* and Mr. Dennigan's chief. The position of journalists in the Free State is difficult. I gather that an attempt is being made by the prosecutors of General O'Duffy to subpoena two reporters to give evidence from their shorthand notes of what the General said at a recent meeting. If they refuse, will they go to gaol for contempt? Yet if they give the information they are being used to all intents and purposes as police spies.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

On and after Tuesday, NOV. 21ST, instead of the usual SERVICE, there will be a PLEASANT HOUR at 7 p.m., Community Singing. . . —Notice posted outside a Baptist Church near Oxford.

I am enough of a Burns enthusiast and lover of Scotland and things Scottish to enjoy writing toasts to "The Immortal Memory," and other similar speeches. About 1,000 words, 21s.; about 2,000 words, £2 2s. Strictest confidence.—Advert., Sunday paper.

Will any reader kindly advise me whether there is a market for blown tins of fruit (mainly plums); I have a fairly large quantity on hand, and I believe there used to be buyers some years ago for these goods.—Letter in *Grocer*.

When we discipline quarrelsome children by knocking their heads together we do not thereby depress their individuality or forbid their opinions, but rather arouse their sense of dignity and intelligence.—A correspondent in the *Western Morning News*.

In a telegram to the [League] Commission the Paraguayan President says:—I am told that the continuance of the war after the armistice conflicts with the Commission's wishes.—*Times*.

Lady Reading's terms of reference are wide. Three of the most important functions of the human being (as is pretty generally admitted) are to be, to do, and to see. Lady Reading has been, done, and seen a good deal in the course of a life which has taken her all over the world, first as a private secretary, and then as the wife of Lord Reading. She will talk of people and of things.—From B.B.C. Talks Programme.

Owing to the rearrangement of the time-table of Imperial Airways England-India service in connection with the extension of the service to Singapore, the air mail from India will until further notice be due to reach London to-morrow instead of to-day.—P.O. Daily list.

THE GUIDE

LORD HEREFORD, speaking at the annual dinner of the Horatian Society, is reported to have said that, "if the younger generation only studied the works of Horace, they would know better how to act in troublous times." It is an agreeable thought, for the works of Horace are not hard to procure. Many of us, looking backward, however, can recall how doggedly we studied Horace when we belonged to the younger generation, and how, nevertheless, when we came to belong to the older generation, we found ourselves as bewildered in presence of troublous times as the barbarians who had concentrated on mathematics.

The truth is, Horace was himself something of a perplexed philosopher. He had not that one-way mind which is so necessary to a practical teacher. What nearly all of us who want a leader are looking for is a man whose mind permits only a one-way traffic of ideas. The ordinary German youth would have far more confidence in Hitler than in Horace as a guide through troublous times. The belief in the one-way mind has always been conspicuous both in religion and in politics. It makes for decisiveness, and the ordinary man, being a prey to secret indecision, demands decisiveness in his leader at all costs. To say this is not to belittle the one-way mind which possibly does the world as good service as the freer two-way mind. But it makes it unlikely that Horace will ever be accepted as a guide through troublous times, except by a small minority.

I think I have read somewhere a comparison between Horace and Burns, and certainly they are alike in this that, instead of teaching any consistent philosophy, they direct the reader to one point of the compass after another as the spirit moves them. Burns incites you at one moment to make a happy fireside clime for weans and wife; a moment later, he is tempting you to give the weans and wife the slip and join him in a tipsy sing-song with the jolly beggars. He is for the most rigid morality to-day, and is loud in derision of the rigid moralists the day after. He is as much at home in the pulpit as in the public-house, and guides you from one atmosphere to the other, not according to any settled philosophy, but according to the mood of the moment. I am not suggesting that there is any fundamental hostility between the pulpit and the public-house; but most men, in search of a guide through the troubles of life, would feel a little bewildered if the leader to whom they had entrusted themselves marched through the midnight streets singing the Hundredth Psalm followed immediately by a lusty rendering of "What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor?"

I think it was Sir Walter Raleigh who pointed out that Burns owes his position as a national poet largely to the fact that he was responsive to almost every mood of which a Scotsman—one might almost say a human being—is capable. Burns included in himself all the seven days of the week from the Sabbath morn till Saturday night at closing time—and after. As a result, he is the bard alike of the pious paterfamilias and of the village wastrel—of the lover whose love will endure till the rocks melt in the sun and of the bawdy Don Juan of the countryside.

It would be absurd to press too far the parallel between Horace and Burns; but there is considerable resemblance between them in the great variety of contradictory moods to which they are responsive. They are both on some occasions intensely ethical: on others, they are more concerned with pleasure than with the good life. This is, of course, a common enough alternation in poets: there is an odd dissimilarity between the philosophy of the secular verses and that of the religious verses of some of the seventeenth century poets. At the same time, Horace and Burns went beyond most poets in their enthusiasm for both aspects of the double life. In this, I think, they were extremely faithful as recorders of human nature, which swings between gravity and levity with the motion of a crazy pendulum. The Stoicism and Epicureanism of Horace were equally sincere, but you cannot quite trust as a guide a man of whom you feel that you never quite know whether he is going to take you to a bottle party or to a vegetarian restaurant. What we like in Horace, perhaps, is that he never quite knows himself. He is easy-going at one moment, resolute the next. Self-indulgence and self-denial tempt him perpetually with their rival charms.

I confess that, when I was forced to read him, I liked him best in his sterner moods. Never having been submitted to hardship, I was stirred by the ideal of hardship and hard fare for the young. I had a profound admiration for Regulus, and had a notion of imitating him if ever an opportunity arose. It pleased me to imagine myself living on beans on a farm, and scorning death, and all that sort of thing. Not that I was entirely indifferent to those wine-cups with which his philosophy was so cheerfully punctuated. But I felt that it was more within my grasp to be a pig from the sty of Epicurus than to be the indomitable Stoic of the Regulus ode. At the same time, the philosophy of Horace was so oddly mixed and self-contradictory that I never looked on him as a fount of pure wisdom. And the fount of pure wisdom is one of the great quests—however intermittent—of youth.

We have, in the first flush of youth, a magnificent belief that this fount of wisdom is to be discovered in books. Even to take down certain books from the shelf seems like touching wisdom with one's hands, and to read them is to absorb wisdom into one's being through the eyes. I do not know whether anybody in his teens reads Emerson to-day, but there was a time when it made ardent youths feel they were already on the way to leading heroic lives even to read the first page of his essay on self-reliance. Here was a call, the command of a demi-god, to be one's true self, and one was conscious of an enormous longing to be one's true self, whatever that might be. One felt about eight feet high as one read. One was in the mood to go out and challenge princes and potentates and anybody else who tried to set up a barrier of custom, convention or what was called common sense between oneself and the achievement of that godlike nobility which was the purpose of one's being. I doubt if I could now explain Emerson's philosophy, but what a leader he seemed! There were no compromises in him. One never suspected that, just as one was beginning to feel noble, he would let one down, as Horace let one down, and set one enjoying life again like an ordinary human being. Rather he spread before one an unfailing banquet of spiritual dishes with no materialistic cookery to spice them. "Jove nodding to Jove"—that, if I remember right, was how he described what was happening when you and I were talking together. I never could recover this sense of the celestial grandeur when I was actually talking to my friends, but, while I read the book, I walked on ether.

Thoreau, too, greatly attracted me by his self-dependent, self-denying ways. If you have never denied yourself anything, the ideal of self-denial is extremely alluring. You see yourself in your mind's eye practising a life of self-denial, and you cut a much more admirable figure there than in the mirror. What troubles you, however, is the enormous gulf that seems to be fixed between the figure in the mirror and the figure in the mind's eye. I thought at one time of making a jump of it, but I was no athlete, and I refrained.

How far the books of the wise men are guides through life it is difficult to measure. It is obvious that the sacred books of the great religions have moulded the lives of men and women for centuries, but the ordinary human being finds it no easy task to follow the guidance even of a sacred book with much consistency. As for the secular authors, many men, I am sure, would ascribe some turning-point in their lives to the reading of a book, but not very many. I do not mean to say that all our bookish aspiration after virtue is wasted, but how few of us there are who constantly turn to any author as a guide through troublous times! Emerson and Carlyle once seemed to many people to be such authors. To-day, I doubt if anybody, in presence of the threatening rumblings of the civilised world, reinforces himself with the wisdom of either

of these teachers who in their own time were great. Yet how the faith in books survives! How at the back of one's mind one still half believes that somewhere on one's shelves is the testament of the perfect philosopher, in reading which wisdom will become as irresistible to the soul as a magnet to a needle. "The man who is upright and tenacious of purpose"—Horace certainly tells us about him, but he does not tell us how to become like him. Or, if he does, he has never made the explanation clear and compulsive to me. Y. Y.

DOCTORS' DILEMMAS

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY told us the other day that "the power to control emotion is probably the major secret of human superiority." Well, I suppose we all have our own views as to what constitutes human superiority; but it is quite certain that the power to control native impulses (unless one happens to be born with very weak ones) is one of the major secrets of worldly success in most of the professions. I often picture to myself the battle that must go on in the mind of a humane barrister—for, presumably there are such monsters—when he finds himself entrusted with the professional task of endeavouring to secure the conviction of a man whom he sincerely believes to be innocent. Much milder may well be the contest when the task set is the converse of this. Such situations must often arise in the course of a barrister's life. Conflicts of this nature occur also in the life of a practising doctor. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, natural impulse and professional duty coincide. People come to the doctor in trouble; and it is both his recognised duty and his natural inclination to do what he can to get them out of it. But not always. There are occasions where his country's laws and the rules of his profession forbid a doctor to do to his patients as he would be done by. Every doctor is, from time to time, confronted with this situation. To many, it presents no problem. The strength of the social instinct, with its emotional manifestation, sympathy, varies much in different individuals; and some find it much easier than others to submit to, and to accept as authoritative, conventionally established rules of conduct. Doctors with this psychologic make-up easily and willingly accept as final the orders sanctioned by the cardinals of their profession. Others are apt to have more difficulty with their conscience—that is, with the voice of their native impulses and individual sentiments. I am not talking about the trivialities of so-called medical ethics; these are simply trade union or guild regulations—mostly sound enough and rarely involving anything more profound than the pocket. Few of these rules need ruffle the conscience of anyone.

An outstanding instance of the problems to which I am referring is that raised in connection with abortion. I doubt if many doctors of the younger generation to-day believe, in the bottom of their hearts, that in itself the performance of this operation is always and in all circumstances an evil act. General rules are apt to lose some of their convincingness when they have to be applied to individual instances. In the course of a fairly long experience in medical practice, I have encountered many such instances. Though I think the statutory penalties excessive, I still have an open mind as to the expediency of retaining abortion in the list of criminal offences; but, even when I feel convinced that, on the whole, it is undesirable to legalise the operation, I am not fully satisfied that I, as a thinking and responsible technician, am thereby absolved from having to decide for myself whether, on this or that occasion, my true duty lies in the direction of observing the law or of breaking it. I never feel a greater coward than when I try to smother my conscience with blather about Acts of Parliament and mere conventions of right and wrong.

Let us take a few actual examples from the many that have come my way. A hard-working woman of forty-five, who was wearing herself to the bone to keep a roof over her invalid husband, herself and her fifteen-year-old daughter—an amiable, illiterate and rather stupid girl, just beginning to bring home a few shillings a week—sent for me one morning to come and see her. I discovered that she had sent for me because of her doubts as to the girl's condition. I found that she was about four months pregnant, having been coaxed into what the divorce court reporters call "intimacy" by a seemingly decrepit fifty-six-year-old lodger who rented the front room. My conscience instantly set me speculating whether the happiness and the spiritual welfare of mankind (we will leave aside all such sordid considerations as those of food, clothing, and workhouses) would be better furthered by "letting Nature take her course," or by the act of rescue which spontaneous kindliness suggested. Here is another example. Some years ago, when I was practising in the Midlands, a young woman patient, with whose family and circumstances I was well acquainted, entered my consulting-room, looking the picture of health. Assuming her ailment to be a minor one, I said, "Well, how are you getting on? You don't look as if there is anything seriously wrong with you." She replied by bursting into tears. I sensed that her trouble was largely psychologic, and, from experience, I assumed it to be what in fact it was. This girl of twenty-one was the eldest of a large family whose working-class parents had stinted themselves of everything above the barest necessities in order to give their children a chance of rising out of the sordid environment they were sensitive enough to recognise as such. Capable and responsive, the girl had played her part. She had gained scholarships, and had seized every opportunity of developing herself, as much for her parents' sake as for her own. She had recently obtained a responsible post in a big business concern, and the future was full of promise. I asked the routine questions I put on these occasions: "Are you and your friend thinking of getting married?" "No, he's married." "Are you still fond of one another?" "No"—pathetically but definitely. It would have been indecent to pry further; the essentials were clear enough. "It raises rather a problem, doesn't it?" I asked. "It's the end of everything," she said. "I wouldn't mind so much for myself, if it weren't for mother. I'd drown myself; but that wouldn't make it any better for her. I could never have believed that I could be such a fool. I'm not asking you to do anything for me; I know what that means for you. I only wanted to make sure." I suppose the conscience of a Calvinist would have left him in peace. Mine did not so leave me.

Here is another sort of case—one which, at any rate as far as I am concerned, threatens no such disturbance to peace of mind or ease of conscience. A self-assured young man of about twenty-six, accompanied by a young lady a year or two younger, recently came to see me, and at once took possession of the stage. "Which of you is the patient?" I asked; for I saw little to choose between them. "I want to know if my wife's all right," the young man rather insolently answered. "You mean, is she pregnant or not? I'll try to tell you in a moment"; adding, after brief investigation, "Yes, I should say she's about three months pregnant." "I thought she was. Well, I want you to put her right," he replied, in the manner of one giving an order at the grocer's; "We don't want a baby." "It's a pity you didn't think of that sooner," I said; "anyway, there's nothing to be done about it now." "What do you mean? We're prepared to pay you whatever it costs." I endeavoured to explain that he did not possess the coin which would induce me to accept his custom; and the interview ended in an atmosphere of dislike on one hand and amazement on the other.

Of course, there are other dilemmas, on to the horns of which a doctor is occasionally thrown; but few present to individuals like myself the awkwardness of those presented by the first two instances I have quoted. There is the inoperable cancer patient, who assures you that he or she is anxious to "know the truth"—an asseveration the reality of which does not quite convince. There is the patient similarly afflicted who is genuinely aware of his fate, yet begs you in no circumstances to communicate the truth to his wife—who, with equal pathos, asks you to tell her the real facts. Then, again, there is the

young husband with syphilis, who has pledged you to observe his confidence, yet whose marital responsibility you mistrust. I could quote story after story illustrative of each of these situations. What, to give another instance, is the duty of a doctor present at the birth of one of those occasional freaks of nature which, though obviously doomed to mindlessness and monstrous deformity, yet sometimes possesses a strange viability? Law and convention say one thing; the conscience may often speak differently.

To a doctor with a philosophic twist, problems like these certainly add to the interest of his work; but, if he has in his make-up a particle of imagination or sympathy, they do not help to make his task easy or mechanically reducible. The relation between a conscientious doctor and his patient is peculiarly personal and confidential; and no general principles can free him from individual responsibility for the giving or withholding of such small knowledge and skill as he has acquired. It is a pity that this is not more generally recognised.

HARRY ROBERTS

Correspondence

HOW THE UNEMPLOYED LIVE

SIR,—It seems fairly certain that the *Week-end Review* roused the public conscience to the issue which is now being battled over by the Ministry of Health and the B.M.A. Nor is there need to apologise for a desire to bring before the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION a case which puts the treatment of the London unemployed in such a light that one would prefer to disbelieve it altogether if the facts were not too obstinate.

If I wished to put it sensationally, I should say that a man I know and admire is at this moment waiting to be arrested for the crimes of (1) being unemployed, and (2) living in his own home.

He is a man who applied for public assistance on New Year's Day, because his Christmas job had come to an end. The committee said that if the man would go to the workhouse they would look after his wife and child. He replied that if he was to be separated from his wife forcibly he would do it in freedom and desert. Technically he did. I believe the committee have issued a warrant to arrest him for desertion, and now he is at home waiting for it to be executed.

He has been working irregularly for the past two years, but his record is good and he is now almost in a position to renew application for transitional benefit. In private morals he would set quite a good example to the committee itself. There is only one possible explanation of the committee's desire to hound him into workhouse or gaol because he has been unemployed for a week: he is suspected of being a Communist!

There can scarcely be any doubt that this is the truth of it. It is evident that the man looks for work, because he gets work. He says that he almost had to fight for his Christmas job. While he was receiving public assistance in the early part of the winter he was working at the official training centre for it. According to normal procedure he would have been sent back to the centre when he again asked for assistance on January 1st. The drive towards the workhouse or gaol is a plain case of public persecution of private opinions. Thought is not free—or not to the unemployed.

MONTAGU SLATER

33 Tanza Road, N.W.3.

PATENT MEDICINES

SIR,—I read "Critic's" remarks on the proposed new Food and Drugs Bill of America with a more than academic interest, for I am immersed willy-nilly in the cosmetic and patent medicine trade. I fully endorse his view that there is "no meaner way of robbing the poor" than by selling them patent medicines of doubtful utility at an exorbitant price. When a poor woman, suffering, say, from varicose ulcers, who, I know, finds it difficult to provide sufficient food for her family, puts down 3*s.* for a tin of a proprietary ointment, I take up the money with reluctance and shame. (These are not crocodile tears; I am genuinely grieved and angry at being enmeshed in the transaction. Incidentally, my *gross* profit on the sale is usually 6*d.* or 7*d.*)

My experience, however, is that the man who attempts to enlighten the poor (and the poor are the biggest purchasers of these commodities of civilisation) on the patent medicine scandal quickly comes to the conclusion that the poor, like the rich, are sheep. If robbing is the fashion they prefer to be robbed. I make and pack an ointment, which I believe to be every bit as efficacious as any of the branded lines. There is no secret about it; the full formula is printed on the label. This ointment I put up in tins holding approximately ½ oz., for which I charge the modest but sufficient sum of 4*d.*

What happens if I recommend my ointment to a customer who asks for a proprietary make at 1*s.* 3*d.* or 3*s.*? (Already I hear the big advertisers shouting "Substitution!") I am looked on with suspicion as a shopkeeper who is putting his own interests first. It is waste of breath to talk about "overheads"—cost of packing, advertising, distribution—the customer is not interested in these things. (The question of the incidence of medicine stamp duty seldom arises to-day, because the manufacturers of patent medicines, at any rate the majority of them, have discovered a way of dodging it.)

With the grosser forms of rascality, e.g., the marketing of nostrums that are advertised as remedies for incurable diseases, the self-respecting trader will have nothing to do. In fact, I believe that chemists as a whole would welcome a Food and Drugs Act as stringent as that outlined by "Critic." Certainly they would agree that the sale of quack medicines for human consumption should be prohibited, unless the formula is disclosed on the label *in terms easily understood by the layman*. The Labelling of Poisons Order, 1923, which enacts that every preparation containing a scheduled poison among its ingredients must be labelled with the name and proportion of that poison, is a step in the right direction.

A CHEMIST

THE USE OF LEISURE

SIR,—In the present mechanical age, the training of adolescents in the right use of leisure is bound to become more and more important for all educationalists. It is a problem as urgent as those numerous economic ones awaiting solution. Hence the plea for specialist schools made by Dr. George Dyson of Winchester College, in his presidential address to the Conference of Educational Associations, at University College, London, deserves special consideration.

Dr. Dyson said that, given a number of reasonably accessible secondary schools, he would make one of them into a complete and self-contained school of literature, languages, history, and the art of writing. His second school would be one of pure and applied mathematics, and of the exact sciences. A third would be devoted to carpentry, metal-working, book-binding, applied mechanics, engineering, building and even town-planning.

For girls there would be a school of housekeeping, house economy, house decoration, dairywork, needlework, nursing, child-welfare, and hygiene. Then there would be a real school of art in an environment which would draw out and feed the latent sensitiveness of every child that entered it. Lastly, Dr. Dyson would institute a live school of music, built and furnished solely to that end.

These specialist schools would be absolutely equal in authority and status. The child's final leaving certificate would imply a reasonable standard of graduation from any two or three such schools.

If the Board of Education and local education authorities agreed to institute a similar scheme to the above, we should send our children into the world not with a certificate of proficiency in uncongenial or unrelated tasks but with that equipment and that attitude for culture of their own varied talents and interests which would serve them both in work and leisure until the end of their lives.

HOWARD J. WHITE
(Headmaster of Greater Felcourt School, near E. Grinstead)

THE BISHOP AND THE UNITARIANS

SIR,—What exactly do we mean by being "broad-minded"? And what do we mean by being "narrow-minded"? Surely by the first we mean being able to see and to sympathetically understand all sides of a question, and to see the question in its due proportions with regard to other questions. And by the second we mean being only able to see one side of a question, and even so being quite unable to see that question in due pro-

portion to other questions. Now if we bear these definitions in mind, we shall avoid the slipshod error of supposing that one is broad-minded if one shows that one does not particularly care about any principles at all, possibly because one has not got any strong convictions. Now about this question of the Bishop of Liverpool and the Unitarian Ministers in the Cathedral pulpit. What exactly does the Cathedral stand for? If it stands simply for general good will, then of course it is all nonsense objecting to the Unitarian Minister occupying its pulpit. Indeed, I go farther, and say that Mr. Gandhi, when he was over here, and Mr. Bradlaugh, were he still alive, ought to be asked to address us from the Cathedral pulpit. Why not? Further, any eminent statesman, irrespective of his creed, should be free to deliver his message there. Then, too, public meetings of all sorts for the public welfare might be held there, including public luncheons and dinner parties. Perhaps, too, dances might be also held there for charitable objects. This is all assuming that the Cathedral merely stands for general good will. But if the Cathedral, as it certainly does, stands for something more than general good will, if it stands to proclaim and teach a definite creed, called the Christian Faith, whose vital foundation is the Incarnation, God revealed by becoming Flesh, then it seems decidedly inconsistent to ask Unitarian Ministers to occupy the Cathedral pulpit, seeing that they explicitly deny this foundation belief. We might as well ask Mr. Baldwin, say, whom we all immensely respect, to occupy the Labour platform, whose fundamental tenet of Socialism he denies.

WALTER B. GRAHAM

42 Londesboro' Road, Scarborough.

CODEX SINAITICUS

SIR,—Subscriptions towards the purchase of the *Codex Sinaiticus* do not seem to be forthcoming with that rapidity that one might expect from those interested in preserving or possessing the original sources of their faith.

Would it therefore be in order to suggest a possible exchange of original sources, and so meet the needs of two faiths? The bones of Karl Marx and of his wife, I believe, are at present preserved and cared for by the Anglican Church authorities in Highgate. Without any unseemly discussion about value or price surely this is a possible way out that would be welcomed by the ardent of both creeds.

CODIFIER

Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon.

OXFORD TRADESMEN

SIR,—My Chamber wishes to record its emphatic protest against the phrase "The abjectness of Oxford tradesmen," used by your contributor John Brown in his article "A Poor Student Looks At Oxford" in your issue of January 6th.

Twenty years ago there might have been some justification for the use of this phrase by your contributor, but there is not the slightest justification for it to-day. The business man of to-day is recruited from every grade of society, including the University itself. In addition, owing to the commercialisation of Oxford in recent years, the Oxford tradesman is no longer dependent upon University trade. In fact, there are many Oxford traders who are not only independent of Varsity trade but who actually discourage it because of the abnormally long credit required by the students of to-day, the vast majority of whom are State-assisted.

E. J. HAYLOR,
President

Oxford Chamber of Trade,
8 New-Inn-Hall Street, Oxford.

ENGLISH PAINTING

SIR,—From the internal evidence of his review of books on English Painting in your issue of December 30th, it is clear that Mr. Pope-Hennessy is a clever sixth-form boy. One must not, therefore, take him too much *au pied de la lettre*.

When he leaves school, however, and takes up reviewing seriously, he will, no doubt, be instructed that the first thing to consider in connection with a book is the public for which its author intended it.

Sixth-form boys, sooner or later, have to learn that the world is "mostly fools" and that "we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us."

My *Short History of English Painting*, which has been so favourably received by competent critics, was written, as its preface clearly states: "To meet the need for a book in simple language which shall deal with the whole of English painting *from the earliest times to the present day*. . . . The story of the personality and circumstances of the artist, his upbringing, friendships, tastes and fortunes is not only of great interest in itself but helps us to understand and appreciate his achievement." The book notices the work of some three hundred artists, fifty of them living. It is a history, and short. A history is not a criticism. It does not express emphatic views except to oppose them immediately with other views.

The book is not for the "highbrow" or those who already know all about the subject. It is for the man in the street, or as we should say in these days of Mr. Low's Joan Bull, "the girl in the cinema." I venture to think that even among the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION there are some "men in the street," and some "girls in the cinema."

As to Mr. Pope-Hennessy's accuracy, he might at least have put my name at the head of his notice in the way in which it appears in my book.

ERIC UNDERWOOD

32 Ovington Square, S.W.

PRONUNCIATION

SIR,—If Mr. Lloyd James were to take a walk down Holborn he would find the 1934 pronunciation of that word to be "Obn," or "Obun." He might then try Westminister, St. Jimes, and the Strend.

A. W. COOKE

The White Cottage, Flore, Northampton.

STEPHEN LEACOCK ON DICKENS

SIR,—Mr. Grant's letter on this subject has set me thinking that the "intelligent reviewers" saw farther than the "one unimportant sentence" before sitting down to write the articles of "furious abuse." They saw that Mr. Leacock possessed only a passing acquaintance with the works of Dickens, or he would not have made the many errors with which the book is most freely sprinkled. They are not isolated printers' errors. He confuses Skimpole with Walpole, and names him Horace thrice in one page. William Dorrit, the Father of the Marshalsea, is rechristened by the professor as Edward, so named three times on one page and once on two others. Little Mr. Perker becomes Parker, W. H. Wills is called H. G. Wills on half a dozen occasions, doubtless out of respect for Mr. Wells. All the known facts about the writing of *A Christmas Carol* at the same time as *Martin Chuzzlewit* are ascribed to *Nicholas Nickleby*. He confuses *The Haunted Man* with *Hunted Down*, and calls the well-known Christmas story of *The Seven Poor Travellers*, *The Three Poor Travellers*. Bart Smallweed is renamed Chick, Mr. Bounderby becomes Bounderly on three separate occasions.

This is only a small selection of the errors in the book; at the end seven pages are devoted to a chronology, the events of Dickens's life from 1812 to 1870 year by year; most of the early dates are wrong, because presumably the professor has not read anything about Dickens later than Forster's Life, first published sixty years ago, but, what is more surprising, the years 1853 to 1857 are entirely missing!

WALTER DEXTER,
Editor

"The Dickensian,"
48 Doughty Street, W.C.1.

EQUAL PAY

SIR,—It is surprising to find you misunderstanding the men's case in the above question. Men naturally point to the fact that in the vast majority of cases male teachers support a wife and family. They do not claim consideration on the ground that some of them have, in addition, to maintain aged relatives. Their case is based on the "normal social burden" they have to bear, the "burden" that a State, for its own interest, is compelled to recognise and make allowance for. So long as State payment for wives and children is unachieved, the male teacher rightly says that no public body should penalise a whole family by offering it the same salary as is paid to a single woman. My own wife was a teacher, my four children have to be supported, two are at the University. I could not bring the family up comfortably on the salary of a woman teacher. Yet, it is important to note, the average woman teacher has better holidays, more amusements, books, clothes, than I or my wife can afford.

Are you not applying a capitalist view of salary to a problem where a social view of salary is more appropriate?

MALE TEACHER

[Of course we do not suggest that the men's pay should be levelled down to that of the women. One obvious way of meeting the difficulty raised by our correspondent is by the system of "family endowment" or children's allowances.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

A LEWIS CARROLL LETTER

SIR,—In the room at the Widener Library at Harvard, where the books and manuscripts of the late Harry Elkins Widener are kept, the custodian every week changes certain treasures that are kept in glass-topped tables. Here is a bit of a letter from Lewis Carroll—for seldom can the whole of a letter be displayed in the assortment—which may explain your reviewer's remark that "only one letter to a little boy has been obtained."

> I have a good many friends among governesses—having a sort of sympathy with them, as a more or less down-trodden race. I wish you all success with your little boys; to me they are not an attractive race of beings (as a little boy *I* was simply detestable), and if you wanted to induce me, by money, to come and teach them, I can only say you would have to offer *more* than £10,000 a year.

Higher criticism makes me think the letter was written to Mrs. Richards.

AGNES A. ADAMS

The Canterbury Inn,
Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

A CONVERSATION PICTURE AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

SIR,—I am surprised that so scholarly a critic as Mr. Farp should perpetuate a legend concerning a well-known *Conversation Piece* by Zoffany at the Academy. There is not, so far as I am aware, one scrap of evidence (unless a vague general resemblance is to be accepted as such) that the gentleman "at tea with the Garricks in an exquisite river-landscape" is Dr. Johnson, as the official catalogue affirms. This identification was first given prominence when the picture was shown at Sir Philip Sassoon's, and was reiterated by Dr. G. C. Williamson in his volume *English Conversation Pictures*, commemorating the exhibition at Park Lane. The features of the man on a chair apart from the group by no means closely resemble those of Johnson as represented by Reynolds and Opie, while his smart attire is not at all what we should expect of that notorious sloven, even when visiting friends who affected *ton*. But in conversation pictures everything must be just so, and any fat man will pass very well for Johnson!

Highgate. RALPH EDWARDS

AN ALIEN

SIR,—I read with great interest your account of the case of Tom Cacic and his trouble with the Aliens Branch of the Home Office. An important issue of liberty is involved. I congratulate you on taking the matter up and hope your efforts on his behalf were successful. LIBERTAS

[We are glad to be able to report that, as a result of the publicity given to the case in the press as well as of the personal intervention of sympathisers, the British authorities allowed Tom Cacic to receive his visa and that he has left this country. We hope, though we cannot be certain, that similar difficulties will not be put in his way on the Continent.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

Miscellany

HARVEST MOON

THE barley-field lay white in the full moonlight, cleared of its crop except for a cluster of shocks standing like dwarf tents under an old hawthorn hedge. The cart was making its last journey, and the moon, rising fast and growing whiter every moment, was turning the black mare to roan with its radiance, and the men's pitchforks to silver. For miles the land lay visible, quiet and stark, not even the shadow of a bird flickering across it and its windless silence broken only by the clack of cart-wheels in the stubble-ruts and the voices of the two children urging on and stopping the horse.

Alexander was nine and the girl, Cathy, was fourteen. The boy had the bridle in his right hand, his fingers boldly close to the mare's wet mouth. The girl, dark-haired, tall for her age and too big for her tight cotton dress, was holding the bridle also, in her left hand, though there was no need for it. Up on the cart the boy's uncle was loading the sheaves that the girl's father picked and tossed lightly up to him with a single flick of his fork. Tall enough to rest her head against the mare's neck, the girl would sometimes hold the bridle in both hands, her fingers casually stretched under the mare's silky mouth, as though by accident, to touch the boy's fingers. Impatient of it, he would snatch at the bridle, half to frighten the horse and half to frighten her into taking her hand away, and when the horse started on he would seize the chance of a swagger and would lug at the bridle and lift his voice in manful anger:

"Whoa! damn you. Stan' still."

"Here! What the nation you saying?" His uncle would growl the reprimand. "By God! If your father heard that talk."

"Stan' still," the boy would say as though in soft correction of himself. "Stan' still mare, stan' still."

Then he would walk round to the back of the cart, ostensibly to see if the load were sitting right, but in reality to see if his bow, made of green willow, and his arrows, made of horned wheat-straws tipped with soft-pithed stems of young elder, were still where he had hidden them secretly in a slot above the cart-springs.

"Alexander," the girl would say entreatingly as she followed him. "Alexander."

The boy in disgust would go back to the mare, and the girl, following, would hold the bridle again and caress the mare's nose, murmuring softly.

Suddenly, as they were loading the last of the sheaves by the hedge-side, the men shouted:

"A leveret! After it, boy! After it! A leveret!"

In the bright moonlight the leveret was clearly visible leaping across the stubble and then doubling to hide in the few remaining shocks. The boy let go the horse's bridle and a second later was hunting the young hare between the barley shocks, urged on and taunted by the men:

"After it, after it! Ah! you ain't quick enough. There it is, after it! Ah! you lost it."

When the leveret disappeared the boy stopped, at a loss.

"In the last shock," said Cathy.

She had followed him in the hunt, and now she followed him as he ran to the shock and began swishing it and beating it with his hands and rustling the sheaves in order to scare the leveret. Then when he began to unbuild the shock she also helped to throw the sheaves aside, and at last the leveret bolted again, scurrying wildly across the moonlit stubble for the hedge.

"In the ditch!" the men called. "You'll have him. He'll skulk! You'll have him."

Alexander, tearing across the stubble, flung himself into the ditch. He heard the soft rustle of the girl's dress slipping into the dry grass behind him, and a moment later she was beside him, panting quietly.

"You go that way," he said.

"He went your way," she said.

"Listen!" he whispered. "Listen!"

In the ditch there was the faintest rustling. They lay still together, the girl touching him.

"Behind you!" he shouted. "Behind you!"

Springing up, he scrambled past the girl and ran back up the ditch, kicking the dry grasses with both feet as he ran. There was a mad scuttling as the leveret broke loose again and struggled among the dead thorn stumps of the hedge to make its wild escape into the field beyond. Flinging himself down in a last attempt to catch it, Alexander lay deep among the dry grasses in an attitude of listening and watching. There was no sound except the girl's breathing as she too lay listening. But in the blaze of the moonlight the stubble, seen from the ditch, seemed like a vast white plain with the barley-sheaves like an encampment of tents upon it and the loaded cart like a covered wagon being unhitched for the night.

The girl had crept along the ditch to lie beside Alexander, and for the first time he was glad that she was so near.

"We're Indians," he whispered.

Without speaking she lay very close to him and put one hand across his shoulders, but he was so absorbed in watching the plain, the tents and the wagon in the moonlight that he was hardly aware of it.

"Don't move," he said. "They mustn't see us. Don't move."

"Let's stay here," she said.

"Be quiet! They'll hear us."

They lay very quiet and motionless together, watching and listening, the girl so close to him that her long hair touched his face and her soft stockinged legs his own. He felt a fine intensity of excitement, as though he were really an Indian stalking the white tents of a strange enemy. The girl, too, seemed excited and before long he could feel her trembling.

"You're frightened," he accused her softly.

"A bit," she said.

Rustling her hand in the grass she found one of his and held it.

"Alexander," she began.

But at that moment he became aware of a calamity. He, an Indian, had left his bow and arrows in their secret hiding place by the cart-springs; and since the men were his enemies and the barley-sheaves the enemy tents he must recover them. Without heeding the girl, except to silence her with a soft "Sssh!" he squirmed up from the ditch and began to draw himself along the sun-baked stubble toward the cart, scratching his bare flesh on the stubble and thistles and the harsh dock-stems without heeding the pain. Now and then he would squirm and swerve in his course and slip snakily back into the ditch, the girl following him all the time as surely as though she were obeying his commands. Out on the stubble, in the radiance of the high moon, the faces of the two men loading the last sheaves were as clear as though it were a midsummer day. Whenever the cart and the men halted, the field was hushed, and the boy lay motionless in these silent pauses, not even breathing.

At last, when only two shocks remained to be loaded the boy, unseen, had crept level with the cart, with the girl close behind him. In another moment, as soon as the sheaves had been loaded and the cart was going up the field, he would break from hiding and capture the bow and arrows and the wagon and be triumphant.

"Alexander," the girl entreated in a loud whisper. Her hand was trembling more than ever as she touched him and her face was so warm and soft as she pressed it to his that he felt impatient and embarrassed.

"We're Indians," he reminded her savagely.

"I don't want to be an Indian," she said.

He silenced her with a whisper of abrupt scorn. He was an Indian, a man, powerful. Why couldn't she keep quiet? Why was she trembling all the time?

"You're only a squaw," he said. "Keep quiet."

With that devastating flash of scorn he dismissed her and in another moment forgot her. Out on the prairie, in the moonlight, his enemies had taken up their tents. It was the critical moment. He crouched on his toes and on one knee, like a runner. He saw the load-rope tossed high and wriggle like a stricken snake above the cart in the moonlight. Then he heard the tinkle of hooks as the rope was fastened and the men's repeated "Get up, get up" to the horse, and at last the clack of wheels as the cart moved off across the empty field.

It was his moment. "Alexander," the girl was saying, "Don't let's be Indians." Her hand was softly warm and quivering on his neck and she was leaning her face to his.

He shook her off with a gesture and a growl of impatience. A moment later he was fleeing across the stubble at a stooping run, an Indian. The two men, his enemies, were walking by the mare's head, oblivious of him. But he hardly heeded them and he forgot the girl in his excitement at reaching the cart and finding his bow and arrows in the secrecy of its black shadow.

He rested his arrow on his bow-string in readiness to shoot. Then he had another thought. The load, being the last, was only half a load. He would climb up and lie there, on the top of it, invincible and unseen.

Tucking his arrows in his shirt and holding his bow in his teeth and catching the load-rope, he pulled himself up, the barley-stubs jabbing and scratching at his face, and in a second or two he lay triumphant on the white sheaves in the white moonlight.

Fixing an arrow again, he looked back down the field. Cathy was walking up the stubble, ten yards behind the cart. He had forgotten her. And now, with his face pressed close over a sheaf edge, he called to her in a whisper, an Indian whisper, of excited entreaty:

"Come on, come on!"

But she walked as though she saw neither him nor the cart, her face tense with distant pride.

"Come on," he insisted. "You're my squaw. Come on."

But now she was rustling her feet in the stubble and staring down at them with intent indifference. Why did she look like that? What was the matter with her? He called her again, "Cathy, Cathy. Come on." Couldn't she hear him? "It's grand up here," he called softly. "It's grand. Come on."

In the bright moonlight he could see the set stillness of proud indifference on her face grow more intense. He couldn't understand it. He thought again that perhaps she couldn't hear. And he gave one more whisper of entreaty and then, half-lying on his back, shot a straw arrow in the air towards her, hoping it would curve short and drop at her feet and make her understand.

Sitting up, he saw the arrow, pale yellow, dropping towards the girl in the moonlight. It fell very near her, but she neither looked nor paused and the look of injury and pride on her face seemed to have turned to anger.

He lay back on the sheaves, his body flat and his head in a rough sweet nest of barley-ears. Pulling the bow hard he shot an arrow straight into the moonlight, and then another and another, watching them soar and curve and fall like lightless rockets.

At last he lay and listened. Nothing had happened. There was no sound. He listened for the girl but she did not come. He gave it up. It was beyond him. And almost arrogantly he fired another arrow into the sky and watched and listened for its fall, shrugging his shoulders a little when nothing happened. In another moment, forgetting the girl and half forgetting he was an Indian, he lay back in the fragrant barley with a sense of great elation, very happy.

Far above him the sky seemed to be travelling backwards into space and the moon was so bright that it outshone the stars.

H. E. BATES

THE SINCLAIR TRAGEDY

WHAT a storm over *Storm over Mexico*! The plot is no new one. The work of art massacred by the insensitive Hollywood cutter is a legend as old as Stroheim, and the incorruptible artist shaking the dust of money-grubbing off his pants is a publicity story as ancient as Reinhardt. It is the cast that is disquieting. On the one hand, we have the valiant Galahad of "Mammonart" excusing his manoeuvres by the need "to preserve the interests of the investors." On the other, we have the Soviet citizen, who above all should be practical, presented as renouncing common sense for self-centred indulgence in art. One idol must be destroyed. It is important that it should be the right one.

Let us first listen to Sinclair. He has pleaded his case time and again, in newspaper article, in printed circular, in film prologue, while Eisenstein has broken silence but once, in an

interview to the London *Daily Worker*, on January 15th. In the prologue to his film, beaming on us with all the benevolence of a shaved Father Christmas, Sinclair relates how Eisenstein came to see him and implored his help, how he (Sinclair) arranged for Eisenstein to make a travelogue in Mexico, how Eisenstein fell in love with the country and shot instead an epic 35 miles long that would have taken the public weeks to see, how the U.S. Government would not allow Eisenstein to come to Hollywood to cut the picture and the picture could not be sent to him in Moscow, how—reluctantly, therefore, but to safeguard the interests of the investors—he (Sinclair) had it cut according to Eisenstein's notes by the skilled Sol Lesser, and how it is the grandest picture ever anyhow, as certified by Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks.

Now, there was once a man sued by his neighbour on the grounds that he had returned a borrowed teapot less the spout. The man, whose name was Mr. A., pleaded, first, that he had never borrowed the teapot; second, that if he had borrowed it, the spout was missing when he borrowed it; third, that if it had had a spout, the spout was still on when he returned it. Mr. Sinclair is like Mr. A. The logic of his defence is as follows: first, the picture is grand; second, if it isn't grand, anyway it was cut according to Eisenstein's ideas; third, if it wasn't cut according to his ideas, it couldn't have been anyway, because he and the picture couldn't be got together; fourth, even if he and the picture could have been got together, it wouldn't have been any use, because Eisenstein is extravagant and impractical and shot 35 miles of film. Unfortunately, like Mr. A.'s friend's teapot, not one of these pleas will hold water.

On the merits of the picture we fortunately need accept no certificate; it is in England now and we can call its bluff for ourselves. Nothing can *prove* to us that it would have been better cut by Eisenstein—the fact that it would have been *different*, in theme, plot and style is not, alas, in doubt. The plot bears no resemblance to Eisenstein's plans, as outlined either in the *New York Times* interview of November 29th, 1931, or the *Daily Worker* interview of January 15th. From these it is clear that an incident designed to form at most 30 per cent. of the film has been expanded to form 95 per cent. While, if such a theme as the occasioning of a revolution by a rape and the successful result of that revolution as happy modern Mexico *really* came from a Soviet film director, then it is possible a useful career might open for him constructing the White Sea canal, but it is certain his adventures in the film business would be at an end. That the style would be the same, Sinclair could never have expected any but the layman to believe. Eisenstein and his school, rightly or wrongly, do not rely upon the conscious perception by the spectator of the narrative content of shots. They attempt to influence the spectator by his unconscious apprehension of the dialectic conflict between masses, volumes, proportions, perspectives—as well as narrative contents—not only in space within the limits of each shot, but also in time, in the relation between the various shots. To give the name of its director to a production of this school not cut under his supervision is to give the shuffled and separated notes of an opera to a conductor to assemble and retain the name of Wagner for the result.

Perhaps the most unscrupulous imposition on the lay public is the legend of Eisenstein's "impossibility," of the 35 miles. Certainly, the Eisenstein method of work with untrained actors requires more trial and error, more exposure of celluloid, than should be required by work with a carefully prepared script and professional cast. *But 35 miles of rough material is not even extravagant!* It is a perfectly normal length for a film designed eventually to run about an hour and a half, that is a mile and a half, when cut before its audience. Sinclair complains that Eisenstein stayed an impractical time, when all he had asked to make was a documentary film. Eisenstein was in Mexico fourteen months, from December, 1930, to February, 1932, of which a large part was the rainy season. Robert Flaherty, the greatest expert in documentary film, has also just shot 35 miles, and has spent in making his film *nineteen* months, from January, 1932, to September, 1933. His company has not cried out, but that is because they are professionals, they understand the business.

It is fatal for a layman to attempt to control a highly technical business like picture-making. An eye-witness draws us a pathetic picture of Sinclair and the investor-philanthropists sitting examining the material in a Hollywood projection theatre and, as the sixth or seventh retake of a scene appeared, exclaiming: "What is he after? He must be mad! To take it so often! With someone else's money!" Eisenstein had always longed to make a film in Mexico. He came to Sinclair and told him that he could make a picture in Mexico for 25,000 dollars. (Where he had got this figure from I do not know; I rather think it was from the proprietor of a Hollywood book-store who had fought with Villa—in such matters Eisenstein is always a perfectly sincere optimist and utterly irresponsible). Sinclair, instead of reflecting: (*a*) that the man before him had never had anything to do with costing or managing a film production in his life; (*b*) had never been to Mexico; (*c*) had no idea of the value of a dollar even in U.S.A.; (*d*) that the cheapest programme picture in America costs 250,000 dollars, enthusiastically took the plunge. Even then he might have saved himself by appointing an experienced technical supervisor, but he saved money instead and made him his brother manager. As the production rolled forward and the material accumulated he resolved to rid himself of this man he could neither control nor understand. Had Sinclair then been frank, and said "In promoting a film, I did not know what I was letting myself in for. Eisenstein misled me by his optimism, and I was foolish to undertake it without skilled advice. It is unfortunate, but we must reduce our risk," one would have much sympathy for him. But the Sir Galahad pose, maintained throughout a whole career of publicism, could not be so lightly doffed. He writes a new romance, in which the villain's reputation is disregarded, thereby to throw the hero's philanthropy and long-suffering into brighter relief. Never in its pages do we read that Sinclair ignored offers by Eisenstein's friends to press influential government circles for a revision of the U.S. immigration decision; nor that before allowing not the valuable negative, that was never asked for, but even a positive to go to Moscow for Eisenstein to cut, he demanded the deposit of the whole cost of the film. No, one only reads moanings about 35 mysterious miles.

The real tragedy of the Mexican film is not the loss of a doubtful masterpiece, nor even the issue of imperialist propaganda under a Soviet citizen's name. Too many sadder things are happening in the world for us to waste many a tear on these. The tragedy lies in the self-exposure of a man who for so many years has been in the forefront of the struggle for liberal ideas.

IVOR MONTAGU

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Tabu: *Everyman Theatre, Hampstead*

Few films could make a more welcome reappearance than this. It contains some of the most lovely photographs of the South Seas ever taken—in this case, the Iles-sous-le-Vent, I believe. Until Professor Malinowski, or Eisenstein, makes it, we will never see a film of "savages" in which the story does not seem alien, and rather offensive. At all events, there are, in this case, many documentary moments of a ravishing kind. The blowing of conch shells; trembling, hieratic dances; and men spearing fish, their bodies of mythological beauty, outlined against the largest and stillest of clouds, their heads spiked with flowers, and their feet in the diamond shallows of the Pacific. These islands are one of the few paradises left in the world which still has angels. But where there were thousands, it is doubtful if there is now one thousand. The missionaries and traders should be able to polish off these stragglers in no time.

Carlyles at Home

Miss Elizabeth Drew's play *Genius at Home*, at the Embassy, is a careful and efficient piece of work. It starts no hares and trails, no red-herrings. As a biography of Carlyle, indeed, it is unexciting. It reminds us too often of his indigestion, treats the

genius as an axiom and writes the Q.E.D too glibly. But having done that it concentrates profitably on Mrs. Carlyle. We see her tolerant, encouraging, rebellious and rewarded, and in its changing moods and its consistency the portrait is convincing. Miss Marda Vanne is definitely the actress for the part. She can give plenty of significance to an ordinary situation, and use plenty of restraint in a dramatic one, and her performance here is always lively. Mr. Wilfrid Walter is tender as well as fiery, and gives as much substance as possible to the axiomatic genius. Some of the minor characters drift rather aimlessly, but there is a charming sketch of John Stuart Mill, in trouble over the burning by his housemaid of the "French Revolution" manuscript.

Paul Klee

The new exhibition at the Mayor Gallery is in effect a comment on the backwardness of this country so far as contemporary art is concerned. Paul Klee was born near Berne fifty-five years ago. Examples of his work are hung with honour in many of the great galleries of Switzerland, America and Germany, yet this is the first opportunity Londoners have had to see him for themselves. His solitary English champion up to the moment has been Mr. Herbert Read. This is especially strange, because so much of Klee's work must surely be immediately captivating even to those unsympathetic to contemporary art as a whole—whatever that "whole" may be! There are things like the *Gay Mountain Landscape* (which is not on show at the moment) and *An Imaginary Place* (12) which nobody could see without being charmed. And it is the same with the revealed mystery of *Night Flowers* (5), and the simple, patterned loveliness of *Pastorale* (27.) They are enchanting; but no purpose is served by attempting to relate them to common reality. He denies the validity of the eye's impressions, and goes on to create his own world, his own reality, regardless. It is a fascinating position. Unlike so many of his contemporaries, he is not merely a theorist busily engaged in illustrating his manifestos; he is a painter, a lyricist. His vision, as I have pointed out, is unique, and his skill is astonishing. His work and draughtsmanship is superb. He works with gusto and flawless touch in every discovered medium and a number of specially invented ones.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 19th—
Miss Helen W. Dixon on "Germany" (from the Quaker point of view), Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 8.
B.B.C., Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.30.

SATURDAY, January 20th—
Pianoforte and Song Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Moritz Rosenthal, Wigmore Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, January 21st—
Gerald Heard on "The Growth of Sensibility," Conway Hall, 11.
Galli-Curci, Albert Hall, 3.
G. D. H. Cole on "The Working Class and the Transition to Socialism," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.45.
Miss E. Wiskemann on "The Austrian Crisis," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.

MONDAY, January 22nd—
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Furtwängler, Queen's Hall, 8.15. And on January 23rd.
Rt. Hon. H. B. Lees Smith on "Has Labour the Secret?" The Institute, Central Square, Hampstead Garden Suburb, 8.15.

TUESDAY, January 23rd—
Bjarne Braatoy on "How International Labour is Organised for Peace," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Mr. James Maxton on "The I.L.P. Plan," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 6.
The Hon. Mary Pickford on "Conservatism," Morley College, 8.
"Saturday's Children," Westminster Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, January 24th—
"A Woman of This World," Mercury Theatre, Ladbroke Road.
"The Outskirts," Gate Theatre.

THURSDAY, January 25th—
E. C. Blight on "Public Assistance," Morley College, 8.
Prof. H. Temperley on "Revolutions in South-Eastern Europe," Bedford College, 5.15.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"Clive of India," Wyndham's Theatre.
Marionette Performance, Webber Douglas Theatre, 34 Clareville Street, S.W.7. And on January 26th and 27th.

CONSIDER
Your Clothes and their Quality —

GOOD cloth, sound workmanship, reliable *Linings*—these are the foundations of Quality in clothes. "COURTINE" LININGS—woven and guaranteed by COURTAULDS, have smoothness and stamina to meet even sudden and severe stress and are fadeless and perspiration-proof. There are styles and colours for all purposes—sports and lounge suits, overcoats, etc. Ask your Tailor to use only

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

The name is on the selvedge.

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK.

If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write direct to the Manufacturers, Courtaulds, Ltd., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

> "Trumpery rubbish—mean to dig 'em all up—would if I had time. Have 'em carted out and drowed away—do for ashes to drow on the fields. Never no good on to nobody thaay thengs. You can't eat 'em, can you, like you can potatoes," said Iden to his daughter when she showed him the first daffodil in spring and then suddenly quite altering his pronunciation from that of the labourers: "Ah, yes; the daffodil was your great-uncle's favourite flower. . . . He brought the daffodils down from Luckett's; every one in the garden came from there."

WE may be sure that passage was drawn by Richard Jefferies from life, for Iden was his own father, and there must be many farmers to-day who feel the same contradiction in their hearts. One of them looks across the farmyard at the great thatched barn that has stood for centuries—since Oliver's time—and is mentioned in the county history. It is forty yards long and has great double doors in the middle of each side, reaching up to the roof and falling short by four feet of the ground, but to-day it is "trumpery rubbish," and when the thatch wears into holes it must go to ruin or be pulled down, since it is next to impossible to get the binder, or the drills, or the hay-tedder tucked away between the supporting pillars and king-posts. That barn was built so that toppling waggons could be driven into it from the harvest field and the sheaves of corn unloaded and packed away on one side. Then, all the winter, men would be threshing with flails on the central floor and they would pile up the straw in the other half. So the great dark barn in which the owls sit with open eyes and watch for the stirring of a rat is only a makeshift shed with its function gone. An aeroplane hangar, with its petrol pump outside would be more use nowadays. And, if the barn is useless, what of the great masses of old-fashioned gear and farm implements which are stowed away in lofts and outhouses or left rotting round the farm? They will "do for ashes to drow on the fields." But Mr. Hennell, an inquisitive visitor, will have them out and ask questions about their uses and the farmer's mood changes like Iden's. His answers, and Mr. Hennell's sketches, go to make up *Change in the Farm* (Cambridge, 10*s.* 6*d.*), of which the author says:

> The following compilation is an attempt to collect and arrange some of this lumber, whose wormy and twisted forms with their crust of fowl-dung may prevent their uses from being discerned, though on closer scrutiny their character becomes recognisable. They are warped and rubbed down to the accustomed knots and sinews of the hands of their ancient proprietors and so reveal themselves as emblems of family history . . . but all the country's history, and not only a chronicle of small beer, is written out in the carpentry of broken carts and waggons, on the knots and joints of old orchard trees, among the tattered ribs of decaying barns, and in the buried ancestral furrows and courses which can be traced under the turf when the sun falls slantwise across the fields in long autumn afternoons.

The result is a most admirable book, which has only one serious fault: it is much too short.

* * *

Mr. Hennell has begun his work (for he must go on with it), just at the right time, for the old methods of farming, though they are vanishing, have by no means died out; some of them will last as long as the horse is still used. Yet changes come quicker than one is aware of. When I worked as a farm-labourer in Sussex, they still ploughed with oxen in several places, and I knew a labourer who much preferred them to horses. They are slow and will only work with their own yoke-fellows, but they need no corn and can lie rough. But though teams of oxen are plentiful in France, the last one was given up in Sussex in 1929, and there is only one team left in England now. Customs that have died out almost everywhere sometimes survive in isolated spots. Such is gleaning, which I have never seen myself, but which Mr. Hennell still finds going on in Essex.

> From time immemorial the poorer people had a right to glean in the harvest fields after the farmer had carried his sheaves. . . . After the field was raked, one of the church bells was rung at about eight in the morning and again at six in the evening, as a signal to the gleaners that they might be in the fields between those hours; and the women and children were up early and would wait by the gate until the bell was rung. In 1910 the gleaning bell was still rung in twenty or thirty parishes in Essex, in 1931 . . . this old custom survives only at Farnham, in Essex.

The labourers have abandoned it, says Mr. Hennell, because there is no longer urgent necessity and partly from false pride, "You can't glean in silk stockings," and partly because the binder leaves far less behind to glean. So now the farmer takes out his chicken houses to the stubble and the fowls do the gleaning. And from Essex also comes the latest report of the harvesters' horn, blown by the "lord" or headman of the harvesters to call the others to work, as a signal for meals, and at the end of the day.

* * *

Mr. Hennell describes in detail, with drawings, the different sheaf-knots by which the bonds of straw are secured, with which he might have included the withies used for faggots, which can be fastened in two different ways; and he has also delightful drawings of rick ornaments, the best of which are straw weathercocks, the straw birds being mounted on a stick which is set in the mouth of a bottle embedded in the top of the rick. "Necks" of straw are also elaborately braided from the last sheaf reaped and probably have a religious origin. I have seen a young girl, riding on the last sheaf, carried into the farmhouse by the harvesters in Brittany. Tithing also came at the harvest, and Mr. Hennell was told a story of a grasping rector who claimed the tenth pig of the litter from a cottage woman, who answered: "Well zur, if you do have the tenth pig then you do take the tenth child too, for I've eleven of they!" There are some things which Mr. Hennell doesn't think worth recording, or hasn't noticed. Thus, he does not distinguish between the long-handled "pitch-fork," used only for pitching a sheaf of corn or a pitch of hay to the man on the wagon or the stack, and the ordinary short-handled "prong" with narrower tines, which is the most universally useful implement on the farm. He says nothing of gates, hurdle-making, or any of the wood-cutter's work, nor of making the pies and clamps for mangolds, potatoes, etc. Of actual mistakes I can find none, though he says that dibbling "is practised in setting out young plants of turnip, beet, etc." I cannot believe that any such dibbled transplanted *roots* ever produced a decent crop, and I think it would never be done unless there were bare patches in a row. I have always seen the seed drilled and the rows thinned out with the hoe. And I have always seen beans cut with the binder, preferably on damp mornings, when the pods will not crack and spill.

* * *

And lastly, most wheeled ploughs have wheels of unequal sizes, so that the big wheel can run in the furrow and then, if the plough is set right, the ploughman need not touch the handles from one end of the field to the other. But in both his drawings of wheeled ploughs, Mr. Hennell makes the wheels equal in size. In the introduction he says that he has not "followed the plough" but his description of the different ways of ploughing a field and of setting out the work has taught me far more than I knew when I "followed the plough," or rather rode on the Fordson and ploughed a sixteen-acre field myself. I have never seen a field "ploughed rainbow," that is, following the wavy contour of the hedge. It must need a very skilled man to do it, and I find it impossible to believe that these S furrows drain the land better than straight ones, though, of course, one might occasionally do so. Nor do I believe the very tall story about mustard that grew eight feet high, which the author was told about in Essex, nor yet about the first reaping machine near Bawtry which was pushed by four *bulls*. One bull is quite enough to manage at a time. But perhaps Mr. Hennell does not believe in these tales himself. The charm of his book will be felt by everyone who cares about country things. It is present in the writing and in the extremely clear drawings. Indeed, the author's talents both as a writer and an artist are exactly those which his subject requires.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Love and Let Love. By GEORGE WODEN. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Playing with Fire. By ALEC WAUGH. *Benn.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

David. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. *Benn.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Woman She Was. By LANCE SIEVEKING. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Gingerbread House. By EILEEN BIGLAND. *Barker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Great novels are independent of their clothing: the accents of Catherine Linton reach us clearly whatever the type and binding used for *Wuthering Heights*; but the merits of lesser works, which require more co-operation from the reader, *are* affected by their physical "feel" and appearance. How much less willingly we should have read Mr. T. F. Powys's stories had they been presented to us with narrow margins, smallish type, commonish paper, and a wad of thirty pages of advertisement at the end! These misfortunes attend the birth of *Love and Let Love*. Nor is the mention of Mr. T. F. Powys idle, for Mr. Woden's subject-matter suggests it. He wishes to show the forces of good and evil at work in village life—prudery, envy, jealousy and slander, against what may be summed up in Keats's phrase, "the holiness of the heart's affections." The Reverend Anthony Lapole, a young minister of the Scottish Episcopal Church, has been appointed to a living in the south of England, through the influence of Miss Bleake, a spinster of uncertain age who is, without admitting it to herself, in love with him. His youthful and childish wife, Joy, also loves him passionately. Shortly after their installation at Saint Modwens, a new schoolmistress is appointed, Lucia Dorn, and she, too, very gradually, falls in love with Anthony; and, this time, the love is reciprocated. Their own realisation of their love comes about as a result of Miss Bleake's insane machinations to get rid of Lucia, in which she is aided by village gossip twisting the most innocent occurrences. Lucia resigns; Anthony goes to protest, and Joy, following him in an agony of jealousy, is conveniently drowned in the flooded brook of which we have heard so much earlier in the story.

It would be useless to imagine what Mr. T. F. Powys would have made of this theme. To put it at its lowest, we should have been provided with a good deal of grim fun (most of the gossip, of course, being shown as quite true) and a few memorable characters. *Love and Let Love*, alas, offers no fun and—as indicated by the names Bleake, Joy and Dorn [of a new life]—the persons are types, not individuals. Anthony, the cause of all the fuss, remains a colourless enigma; in so far as we *are* shown him, it is, except in the final scene with Lucia, through the eyes of his over-powering womankind. The only fact of interest which we know about him is that he married Joy without loving her, and his reasons for doing so are never even touched on—in those days he evidently had not yet become a symbol of natural, instinctive, generous love. As such a symbol, he is protagonist in the struggle as well as its pretext, and thus the author's failure to give him imaginative significance is fatal to the book. Imagination, too, would have wiped out the sentimental paganism which appears to be Mr. Woden's ethical approach to life. It is this which, despite the straightforward, unaffected writing, reminds the reader of the 'nineties when fauns were in fashion. But sentimental paganism and conventional characterisation notwithstanding, there is a vitality in *Love and Let Love*, an unaffected richness, which prevents its being negligible. If I were sure that Mr. Woden were young, I should say that the book was promising; but promise, like the merit of fiction below the first rank, is not absolute but affected by other circumstances.

Messrs. Benn have issued two *nouvelles* whose price, lightness, and large type suit them admirably for railway-journey reading. Mr. Alec Waugh's *Playing With Fire* is a typical magazine story, skilful, well-knit, readable and unconvincing. There is more in Miss Royde-Smith's *David*. This author cannot put pen to paper without reminding us that we live in an interesting world, to some of whose by-ways and margins she is a perspicuous guide; but her novels are queerly disappointing. They are good—why are they not better? Partly because she has no sense of form; her stories issue from her misshapen, with disproportionate heads or club feet. This short one is no exception, and the title-page taking the bull by the horns with the words "a tale in three parts" does not reconcile one to its clumsy plan. But even this fundamental fault would not alienate the reader were he not insulted by the somnambulistic air with which the story is told. It is just as if Miss Royde-Smith were writing the history of David's parents, his own brief life and tragic death and its aftermath, with one hand, while arranging the flowers or making coffee with the other. She is so clever that I dare say she can do it, but how infinitely more worth while her portraits of the egotist Mildred, David's mother, and of Madame Sludge, the medium, would have been had she given her whole mind to the job.

There is a great hauling up of big guns over *The Woman She Was*. The jacket is an amusing jig-saw of authentic Victorian photographs, three of which, enlarged, act as illustrations to the novel, every chapter is headed with dates, and there is a genealogical table of five generations. The life-story of Dame Charlotte Castleton, R.A., works in backward jerks, from her funeral in 1933 in Chapter One to her birth in 1855. The transitions are bridged thus: "'Yes, yes, indeed,' answered Mr. Swinburne, and changed the subject. . . . Perhaps it was as well he did, for Charlotte was not yet well enough to talk of what had happened on Easter Day three months before." And so back to the Easter Day. This method seems unnatural and forced, as though the book had been written in the usual way and then chopped up and rearranged in the hopes of imposing a false originality on it from the outside. But, whether we read backwards or forwards, our impression of Charlotte, except for the disagreeable one made by her photographs, remains very vague. Like Mr. Woden's hero, she is overlaid by her surroundings. There are her innumerable relations, there is her career as a painter and a militant suffragist, there are "personal appearances" by Rossetti, Wilde, Renoir, Sargent, Frank Harris, etc.; there are "period" accessories; there is even (though you hardly notice it and nor, it seems, did Charlotte) a long married life with a dull husband; but none of these events or persons cause her to emerge clearly as the woman of passion and character she is intended to be. The mysterious power which she deliberately exercised over her daughter's seducer is stated but not conveyed to the reader, and the preceding incident, which forms the climax of Charlotte's life, is made wildly melodramatic and improbable.

To Sandra Pym a gingerbread house, bought in the market of Menton where she and her rackety family lived, was a symbol of the order and security she had never known and greatly desired. Her father, Sasha, half a Russian, conducted a casino orchestra and a series of amours, her aunt made scenes, her lovely sister was blackly stupid and empty-headed, her intellectual brother was no support to her, so that at sixteen she was already running the household unaided. She continued to do so after they were established in an English country house on a legacy which Sasha proceeded to dissipate; her life was entirely vicarious. But with the war came direct experience, in the person of a sculptor called David; and the rest of *Gingerbread House* traces her career in two publishing firms, her loves, her marriage—all intermingled with her vain continued efforts to keep her family straight. At the end, however, security and order were in sight. The book is well printed, lively, easy to read, and Sandra is a credible and spirited heroine. The author's mild air of knowing all about Bohemianism is belied by her belief that women in Bloomsbury wear djibbas, and that advanced intellectual young men like Julius and Max acted as blacklegs in the General Strike of 1926. And, alas, she has a tender regard for David, while making him the most solemn of asses. He and Sandra were watching some plovers—David "watched them through half-shut eyes. 'Strength,' he said, softly, 'and beauty.'" No, no.

E. B. C. JONES

KEATS—AND SHELLEY

Keats's Craftsmanship: A Study in Poetic Development. By M. R. RIDLEY. *Oxford Press.* 15*s.*

The Pursuit of Death: A Study of Shelley's Poetry. By BENJAMIN KURTZ. *Oxford Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The quality of Mr. Ridley's book seems to penetrate mysteriously through one's finger-tips: before so much as opening it one knows for certain that here is a piece of work one must respect—and so it is. Yet it contains a surprise for the reader. He had never suspected it would be so lively.

It examines only the later stages of Keats's development, beginning with *Isabella*; and the point of view varies a good deal from poem to poem. In the chapter on *Isabella*, Keats's narrative and Boccaccio's are placed side by side; in the *Eve of St. Agnes*, of which the first draft still exists, Keats is followed through the actual process of composition, every verbal change (when distinguishable) is recorded, and the motive for each

tentatively explained; the chapter on the Odes provides an analysis of the poet's stanza experiments, and so on. Then there is discussion of probable or possible sources, with other kinds of "detective criticism."

The first chapter is sparkling enough, for all its scholarship, to tempt even the most general reader to continue. We knew before that *Isabella* had its funny moments; but Mr. Ridley, turning the cold light of reason methodically on line after line, in a manner more usual with French than English critics, brings out this comic element so effectively that one finds oneself, from time to time, laughing out loud, to the annoyance of other people in the room. But let this not suggest the most distant approach to facetiousness: and Mr. Ridley's enthusiasm is as ready as his sense of the absurd. Only once—it seems hardy to say so—I half doubted if he had not missed a point.

> With duller sliver than the persean sword
> They cut away no foul Medusa's head—

Mr. Ridley, if I have understood him, sees no point in this, and it must be conceded that it does not quite come off; but surely Keats was getting at something very definite, and, what is more, necessary to be done. Through the whole poem, as Mr. Ridley himself says, his method was to blink no physical horror, and yet to achieve an effect of beauty, not disgust. But then, how could he omit the horrid mechanical difficulty of decapitation, in a way the ghastliest part of the whole nightmare? He had at least to glance at it, and he could not let it get the upper hand: therefore he dragged in Perseus, which was no doubt a mistake.

The textual sleuthing in the *Eve of St. Agnes* is more exciting than one might think possible beforehand. It makes the writing of great poetry seem very precarious, and one follows Keats anxiously from change to change, rather like the girl reading a life of Julius Caesar and "*hoping* he wouldn't be murdered!"—though with the important difference that Keats always does contrive to get the right word in the end. This subject too is tackled with just the kind of humour he would have delighted in, and indeed which he practised himself.

Mr. Ridley is a believer in Mrs. Radcliffe as a Keatsian "source," detecting her frequently in the sham-Gothic of the *Eve*, not seldom elsewhere, and the general case seems as nearly proved as possible, though one or two instances may be rather thin. It is hard to see why this theory should make anyone indignant, but it does, apparently. Unappalled, Mr. Ridley even hints at her presence in the "perilous seas" of the *Nightingale* ode. One may not be convinced that she is there, but if she is there is certainly no harm in it.

More cause for opposition, if not indignation, might perhaps be found in the chapter on *Lamia*. In the first place, why has Mr. Ridley been tempted to exalt *Lamia* at the expense of *Christabel*? The only resemblance is the snake-woman—not enough, surely, to provoke comparison; and if one *were* to be beguiled into comparing them, and had space enough, one or two remarks suggest themselves upon the other side. Nor is it fair to assert that those who prefer the *Eve of St. Agnes* to *Lamia* are regretting that Keats was growing up. They do not mean that he ought to have gone on writing Eves: I think they do mean that *Lamia* is relatively prosaic—no inept objection to a poem. It was a necessary stage in the poet's growth; it has wonderful lines; it has, almost throughout, a new solidity—that is agreed: but there is comparatively little of Keats's magic in it. Moreover, not everyone will agree with Mr. Ridley that the "moral" is plain; intellectually it may be plain enough, but aesthetically—which is all that matters—one is left uncertain. Mr. Ridley holds the view that Lamia, being unreal, must be exposed, however lovely: the point is, however, that she is not unreal enough. Though she began life as a serpent, she has very little of the phantasm. That Keats thought especially well of this poem is quite natural: he was eliminating faults and developing new powers, and one is inevitably more impatient of one's own youthful blunders than of other people's.

A book full of matter tends to produce an inadequate or one-sided review; in that case, one can only say, finally, that it *is* full of matter. One suggestion Mr. Ridley makes which is almost frantically exasperating: namely, that the fragment "This living hand" is not Keats's at all, but merely copied out by him—an extract from some Elizabethan play. Exasperating, because if no Elizabethan scholar *should* succeed in identifying it, we shall never know; it is a theory that cannot be proved *wrong*. Doubtless, one ought not to care whom a poem is by.

The Pursuit of Death, like *Keats's Craftsmanship*, may to some extent be judged at sight. Prof. Kurtz could surely have got all that is relevant or substantial in it into an essay of very modest length. It reads rather like a student's thesis, other poets being extensively examined, and sneered at liberally for Shelley's sake. Such as held the doctrine of personal immortality are especial butts; however, Prof. Kurtz relaxes under the influence of the *Blessed Damosel*, which appears to him better than Dante or Petrarch on a similar theme. He has the philosophic mind, and cannot admire the *Witch of Atlas* except on the understanding that the Witch is Poetry, or Intellectual Beauty—or at any rate *something*, never mind exactly what. But he is difficult to read—one so quickly reaches saturation point. K. JOHN

WORLD AIRWAYS
—WHY NOT?

SECURITY FOR THE WORLD
AND
EQUALITY FOR GERMANY
REQUIRE
THE INTERNATIONAL OWNERSHIP
OF AVIATION AND
THE ABOLITION OF AIR FORCES

VERNON BARTLETT
PHILIP NOEL-BAKER
Lord ALLEN OF HURTWOOD
FRANK HARDIE (in the Chair)

On How this Can be Done

CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER
(St. James' Park Stn.)
Eight o'clock, JANUARY 31st.

Admission 2s. 6d. (numbered); 1s. and 6d. (unnumbered); a limited number of free seats.

Tickets and full particulars from ESSENTIAL NEWS, 65, Portland Place, W.1.

MURDER ACQUITTALS

Six Trials. By WINIFRED DUKE. *Gollancz.* 5s.

A few years ago, lunching in hall, a group of barristers were discussing, with the usual mixture of cantankerousness and levity, a notorious murder trial that had just ended in an acquittal. One of the group was a distinguished criminal "silk" (now a Judge) who astonished us all by saying something interesting. "I have often wondered," he said with a grin—for he had been the means of enabling several palpable rogues to cheat the hangman—"I have often wondered who it is that commits the murders of which people are acquitted. It is a sad gap in our criminal jurisprudence that ought at least to be filled by a legal fiction. Why should there not be a 'common murderer' on the analogy of the 'common vouchee' in the good old days of fines and recoveries? The Court usher would do very well. Of course we couldn't hang him, however much we might feel like it. But, where there has been an acquittal, it might be his duty (for which he would naturally have a special fee) to step into the dock, plead guilty to the crime and then in bar of sentence plead a pardon from the Crown, which would be a standing form just like the Chiltern Hundreds. And so, justice and logic having been satisfied, he would resume his normal place in Court, shout his Oyez, etc., and pray privately for plenty of acquittals."

To this merry thought some solemn blockhead objected that, the judgment of the Court being conclusive, the real culprit,

if any, would go free for ever. The reply was easy. The police bring their man to the bar, and if the jury refuse to cast him—well, there's an end to it. No more is ever done, and the case might as well be formally washed out. There is no encouragement for the police to make a second shot. If they fail against one man they are so much the less likely to succeed against another, except in the very unlikely event of their being able to submit irrefragable evidence. Miss Duke quotes a very striking example—the Gorse Hall murder. There, not only was the murderer seen, but the actual murder was witnessed by several persons. A man was arrested and brought to trial. He was acquitted because the jury, quite rightly, were not satisfied with the evidence of identity. Then another man was pitched upon. His acquittal was a foregone conclusion, inasmuch as the same witnesses who had sworn to the previous man were also prepared to swear to him, though not quite so positively.

Miss Duke's book is marred only by the inclusion of the not very interesting case of Dr. Philip Cross, the Irish poisoner. Cross, a bungling imitator of Dr. Pritchard, was easily convicted and hanged. The remaining five trials are all cases of acquittal, and murder acquittals are far more interesting than murder convictions because they leave their problems unsolved. The obvious difficulty about them as literary material is that they cannot be discussed adequately while the parties are alive. Miss Duke, however, is fortunate in that the protagonists of her two most striking cases, Greenwood and Wallace, are now dead, so that she has a certain amount of freedom, though she uses it with great discretion. Her account of the Wallace case is so good as far as it goes that one wishes it could have gone farther. Miss Duke truly calls it "the perfect murder." The whole story is known, and some day it may be told.

DONALD CARSWELL

THE PROFLIGATE PARSON

The Smith of Smiths. By HESKETH PEARSON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The biographer of Sydney Smith is faced, at the outset, with an almost insuperable difficulty: to quote or not to quote. If he rigorously confines himself to a few of the better-known epigrams, then he must pad out his pages with the unexciting details of a slow but jolly pilgrimage from a Yorkshire rectory to a canonry of St. Paul's. And if (with pardonable weakness) he once begins to retail to his readers specimens of that superabundant humour, the biography insensibly becomes an anthology. For the truth is that, in spite of his liberality of outlook on all the leading topics of the day, in spite of his long and honourable connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith was, and will remain, an unimportant person. It was not only that commonsense and honesty were, in the age before the Reform Bill, an obvious bar to preferment. Even if George IV's reference to the "profligate parson" is as inept as Byron's "smug Sydney"—how amusingly characteristic are these comments!—there remains the suspicion that Sydney Smith's humour was sometimes too broad, his wit too much that of the clown, ever to have brought him within reach of high office. Although he was a great favourite at Holland House, his services did not receive the reward they richly deserved—not so much owing to the timidity of Melbourne, Russell and Grey, one feels, as to his own unsuitability for episcopal honours. That he was aware of, and did not accept, the general verdict upon himself the following quotation indicates:

> There is an association in men's minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is that the *outward* signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much *more* than the outward sign.

Quite half, if not more, of Mr. Pearson's book consists of quotations which, though almost always apt and readable in themselves, lend it more the air of an anthology than a biography. From the biographical angle the work is too disconnected owing to the long and frequent interruptions in which Sydney Smith "must speak for himself"; and from the anthological the quotations are too arbitrary, being sometimes chosen with the set purpose of illustrating the text, and sometimes quite irrelevantly. One cannot help feeling that Mr. Pearson should have been contented with a memoir. Sydney Smith lived wholly in his wit, and that can be found in reckless profusion in any of his letters, reviews, or pamphlets. His wit was a connecting link between the *diamanté* epigram of the eighteenth century and the shocking imitation pun of Hood and the Victorian drawing-room. The man who could say:

> Puns are in very bad repute . . . the wit of words is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas that it is very deservedly driven out of good company,

clearly belongs to the eighteenth century. And yet, towards the end of his life in accordance with these views he should, on more than one occasion, have been shown the door:

> At a party one day Mrs. Grote made a sensational entrance, wearing a rose-coloured turban on her head. Resorting to a form of humour he rather despised, but which on this occasion was possibly justified, Sydney remarked: "Now I know the meaning of the word grotesque."

Mr. Pearson is right in saying that Sydney Smith might once have despised this form of humour, but he forgets that the times were changing—and the pun, even if it were in the worst possible taste, was omnipotent. The polished malice of Pope, the elegance of Walpole, the all-in wrestling of Dr. Johnson gave way to the mild comicality of

> Heat, ma'am! It was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.

But if his wit, at its best, smacks of the Regency, his wisdom is surprisingly modern. His views on the public schools, for instance, might have been those of Mr. Raymond Mortimer, or of any advanced educationist of to-day. He visualises an old public schoolboy:

> "I passed through all that myself, and I am determined my son shall pass through it as I have done"; and away goes his bleating progeny to the tyranny and servitude of the long chamber or the large dormitory. It would surely be more rational to say, "Because I have passed through it, I am determined my son shall not pass through it; because I was kicked for nothing, and cuffed for nothing, and fagged for everything, I will spare all those miseries to my child."

His disinterested fight for Catholic Emancipation, his attitude towards war, his general tone of tolerance and broad-mindedness prove him to have been a hundred years in advance of his age;

HITLER:

WHENCE AND WHITHER?

By H. Wickham Steed

The most informing account of the origin and development of the Nazi movement, its meaning and its menace.

"Informed by the personal knowledge of a lifetime . . . An eloquent plea for the co-operation of the two peoples which Hitlerism seeks to separate in defence of the civilisation which it threatens"—*Times* 3s. 6d. *net*

MANAGEMENT OF TO-MORROW

By L. Urwick

An invaluable handbook of the scientific organisation of industry and commerce.

"A lively and delightful book to read . . . well and truly made out of rich resources of experience, knowledge, sound sense and wide culture"—PROFESSOR HILTON in the *Spectator* 8s. 6d. *net*

Of all Booksellers

NISBET

and with his facile, and almost always agreeable, wit make his writings well worth more than a cursory inspection. Mr. Pearson's biography, if not entirely satisfactory for the reasons given above, is more than welcome, since it cannot fail to make many of Sydney Smith's admirers turn back eagerly to the original. They will not be disappointed.

RICHARD STRACHEY

A POLITICAL MYSTIC

Government in Transition. By LORD EUSTACE PERCY. London: *Methuen*. 7s. 6d.

This is the book of an able and ingenious mind, in its way, even of an attractive one. Lord Eustace Percy is thoughtful, widely read, movingly sincere. But what is curious in his composition is that, for all his knowledge, he is not really interested in analysis in a sphere where clarity of analysis is above all things important. He is interested in preaching. He has an eloquent sermon to expound, and he is not really interested in the things that do not bring unction to his effort. He has not really inquired into the foundation of the difficulties from which modern governments are suffering. He has a moral text to expound, and he can see nothing in the contemporary scene save as it illustrates and gives point to his text. The result is that with all his ability and ingeniousness his book dwells in the realm of the superficial, and never gets to grips with primary causes.

He sees, clearly enough, that we are in the midst of a profound economic revolution to the implications of which our governments must be adapted. He even sees that behind this revolution is an inescapable drive towards equality. But when he has to decide what this equality means, he describes it as an "equality of common work and common hopes expressed in, and guaranteed by, the active and impartial exercise of an authority superior to all social classes and economic interests"; and he then proceeds to find the modern expression of this idealism in the dictatorship of Mussolini. It would, of course, be inconvenient to have a detailed examination of this extraordinary thesis, and we have no proof of it but Lord Eustace's word. It enables him to omit the discussion of practically all the problems for the sober analysis of which the serious student of politics is now anxious, to rail rather easily (and too often cheaply) at democracy and Socialism, and to end with an eloquent, but substantially meaningless, vision of a society which, because it has been freed from the curse of preoccupation with politics, is able to devote itself to those tasks of individual regeneration which alone he really thinks worth while. With this end in view, Lord Eustace recommends some minor political, and some major educational, readjustments, finding in discipline for a national unity the s vereign remedy for our ills.

But national unity for what? One feels that at bottom Lord Eustace has the high ideal of a unity in which men can each find their individual souls. But there is nowhere any serious discussion of the conditions upon which this can be effected. After all, his analysis of the errors of Mr. Keynes and Major Douglas, of the school-teachers and the internationalists (in which, on points of detail he is often full of common sense), one has the sense that he has omitted, in the service of his text, all the major essentials of his problem. The significance of modern economic imperialism and its relation to war, the validity of State-sovereignty in an interconnected world, the importance of the contradiction between the purposes of our political and economic structures, the reason for the decay of confidence in our scheme of values—on these matters, for any effective purpose, he is silent. The decay of tolerance, the decline in the zest for freedom, the growing development of creed wars—these do not seem to have raised in his mind any scepticism about the easy formula with which he approaches the issue.

Does Lord Eustace seriously believe that Mussolini differs in essence from half a hundred dictators whom Europe has known since the fall of Napoleon? Does he ever stop to estimate the means that have been used to attain the "unity" of which he speaks with such reverence? Does he really think that because the Italian workman is no longer allowed to go on strike, and because the good of the State is now equated with the Duce's will, that the Italian workman has a sense that his soul is being regenerated? Is it really his view of the impact of Fascism on education that the teacher is asked to do no more than "to impress on the mind of his pupils the essential unity of all social obligations"? I wish he could talk over that view with Italian professors with whom I have discussed it and hear what they have to say. To speak of the effect of Fascism in Italy as a "return towards simple ideas of social equality in the living of a common life and in the service of a common welfare" is overwhelming in the case of one who stands in the front rank of a great political party. It suggests that Lord Eustace can take the windy rhetoric of Mussolini's affirmations at their face value.

The real truth, I suspect, is that Lord Eustace is, at bottom, a mystic to whom the things of this world are not really of the first importance. He wants a Fascist discipline in our national life, because it leads men to apathy about political and economic matters; and he has a sense that they are thereby set free for the contemplation of those deeper spiritual issues in which the higher truths are to be found. No doubt there have been men of great religious genius of whom this has been true; though most of them were moved by certainties for which we can no longer hope. But in this earthy world of ours the material seems, grimly enough, to be the basis from which men have to discover the sources of spiritual adequacy; and I fear that the "discipline" Lord Eustace recommends would compel most of them to stunted and partial lives. It is not difficult to understand why a mystic, rapt in the contemplation of his vision, should press urgently for the authority necessary to secure what he fondly believes will be its realisation for the common man. But those to whom such revelations have not been vouchsafed will hardly fail to remember who subscribed the funds which made Mussolini and Hitler possible; and they may be pardoned the scepticism which affirms that even in Italy the subscribers have not been without their dividend. They may even be tempted to infer that it was to assure the dividend that the discipline of Fascism, in its various forms, has been necessary.

HAROLD J. LASKI

THE MEANING OF POETRY

Sense and Poetry. By JOHN SPARROW. *Constable*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Sparrow has written an intelligent and apparently straightforward little book on the place of meaning in poetry, with special reference to modern poets. I say "apparently," because he has treated a difficult subject with ease and skill; much of his argument is stated so fairly that the conclusion may seem final; and this has been made possible by important assumptions on the first page which a casual reading might miss.

His argument is, briefly, this. Modernist poets, under the influence of Symbolism, have abandoned the "meaning" of words for the sake of the emotions and sensations they evoke. At the same time, however, they substitute for the detachment of art the immediate expression of psychological states, slices of the interior life, and thus reintroduce "meanings" which, however, are often incommunicable. The structure is not intellectual but psychological. This poetry falls then between two stools: it is neither a verbal music nor the expression of intelligible thought, but a mixture of the two. And Mr. Sparrow finds the mixture unsatisfactory.

A great deal of this is true, and Mr. Sparrow's argument is well illustrated with quotations. Much obviously depends on his use of the word "meaning." On page 1 he says:

> Words are, primarily, vehicles of meaning; it is chiefly in order to convey his meaning that they are used by the writer, and a student of literature may be tempted to open his investigation by asking what meaning is. It is well to realise at the outset that this inquiry is doomed to failure, for the nature of meaning can never be fully explained in words. Every intelligible series of words, however, provides an example of meaning. . . .

He proceeds to define a series of words as *unintelligible* when (1) "they cannot be reduced to a proposition," or (2) "though propositional in form they do not express a piece of thinking," or (3) "though they constitute a number of simple propositions, each in itself easy to understand, the connections between these propositions are not rational, and the series does not express a single movement of the mind." The crucial words here are, of course, *a piece of thinking* and *a single movement of the mind*. What do these phrases imply except that Mr. Sparrow would use them in speaking of any poem which he considered good? I should apply them to poems where Mr. Sparrow does not. They are expressions, therefore, merely of approval, and define nothing.

Let me give two examples from Mr. Sparrow's book. Of Rimbaud he writes in his introduction that "to those who had not the key to his personal treasury what he wrote was completely unintelligible." Completely unintelligible? I am more certain

BALLYHOO!

THIS is not a very dignified word to use. It is admittedly one of those vulgar Americanisms which are rightfully an abomination to those who cherish a love of English pure and undefiled; but what is even more irritating is that when we scornfully try to substitute a word having an exactly similar import in good English, we find ourselves defeated. And "Ballyhoo" really does seem to be the only word to express the kind of devil's dance which is going on with regard to advertising.

The Advertising Agents, who now preen themselves under the naïve title of "Practitioners," tell the world, with loud trumpetings, that they are Heaven-sent benefactors of mankind and that firms who respond to their advances are conferring a sort of sanctified boon upon their fellow-men. The newspapers clap their hands with loud "Hear, hears," tell their readers how wonderfully true it all is—and pocket the proceeds.

And so it goes on, round and round, till the public and the manufacturer do not know where they are. The intelligent public are tending to look at all advertisements with tongue in cheek; the sober-minded manufacturer hesitates to appear to have been over-persuaded into joining the dance.

But the old truism remains. If you have what you know to be a good thing, you must tell others about it if you wish them to buy it. This we think is a different proposition from the more modern one, that you can sell anything if you spend enough in advertising it.

The difficulty for the public is to sift the wheat from the tares and to judge whether a firm advertises a product because they believe it to be good or because they are willing to risk large sums of money in advertising, simply in the hope of making a profit on a product which they are well aware does not confer any particular benefit on the public and without which the public would be just as happy and healthy.

Now we have something which we know to be good, and as we know that this paper is read exclusively by people of intelligence who are less likely than others to be hoodwinked by the general advertising ramp, we are going to try to appeal to those who recognise an honest attempt to tell them quite simply what we know from experience to be true.

Not very long ago scientists discovered a new Salt of Quinine—Quinine Bisalicylo-salicylate—which combines the advantages of Quinine and Salicylates without the disadvantages which often accompany their use when used singly: the most familiar compounds of the Salicylates are Aspirin and Sodium Salicylate.

The new Salt eliminates the gastric troubles which are fairly common in the case of other Salicylic preparations. Quinine Bisalicylo-salicylate is a terribly cumbersome description, so we have coined the word QUINISAN for it.

Quinisan, by the way, is not in any way a secret or quack remedy. Its chemical formula or composition is known and understood by Doctors and Chemists, and it is because of this knowledge that it is becoming so enormously used and prescribed. Under this name it is sold by Chemists in bottles of 20 tablets for 1*s.* 9*d.*, or 80 for 5*s.* 6*d.* You will see that we are not extorting ridiculous prices. We prefer to place it in the hands of the public at prices within the reach of practically everybody.

Quinisan has been tried out very extensively by many eminent medical men, not only here but in America and Germany, with results that justify us in saying that it shows a marked advance on existing remedies for, and preventives of, Colds, Tonsilitis and Influenza. In support of these claims we quote the evidence of eminent medical men:—

> "Quinisan exhibits a prompt and decisive effect in Influenza and Tonsilitis, alleviating the distressing symptoms and materially shortening their course. The effect of Quinisan was so remarkable that attacks of Influenza which began on the first day with shivering and temperature up to 104° F., and which were treated about midday showed only a little over 98.6° F. on the following morning and were entirely free from fever and all discomforts by the afternoon. A pleasing observation was that the reduction of fever was accomplished without perspiration. Particularly remarkable is the fact that the habitual weakness and despondency following upon Influenza is entirely absent after Quinisan treatment. To obtain the maximum benefit, it is essential that Quinisan should be taken immediately on the appearance of the first symptoms of Influenza, Cold, etc. These observations are based on fifty cases. Quinisan had no unpleasant by-effects and when administered in the first 24 hours is an *absolutely reliable remedy* for cutting short the attacks."

But the important thing to remember is that Quinisan should be taken the moment you feel those unmistakable symptoms which you know from experience herald a Cold or an attack of Influenza. It will seldom cure a Cold in full blast, though it certainly helps. In a great many cases it will, however, quite definitely stop a Cold at the start. Not in every case; we make no claim to its infallibility, but we do claim from much experience that, if taken in time, it will, in the majority of cases, do its work swiftly and efficiently.

Quinisan, being a comparatively new product, is not yet stocked by all Chemists, but they can always obtain it for you immediately. Order a bottle now and keep it ready. We regret to have to tell you that that fatal little dry nose-tickle will obtrude itself on your reluctant notice one day soon. Or perhaps you are one of the lucky ones!

Established in 1797 we have, we believe, a creditable reputation for our products, of which Howards' Quinine, Aspirin, Bicarbonate of Soda and Agotan are probably familiar to you. We believe that your verdict on Quinisan will be equally favourable.

HOWARDS & SONS LTD. (*Estd.* 1797) ILFORD

of Rimbaud than I am of Mr. Sparrow. The second example is T. S. Eliot's *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* (quoted wrongly, by the way, in one passage, as coming from *The Waste Land*); here, he says, the reader " is not admitted to a complete view, but to a few chosen glimpses; clearly no canon of intelligibility has guided the selection, and no single structure of thought emerges." What sort of poem having the same subject could possibly admit the reader to " a complete view "? A complete view of what? Would not the same criticism apply to any piece of description in which landscape and the thoughts of the poet intermingle? Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale* is surely, in Mr. Sparrow's use of the word, no more " intelligible " than Mr. Eliot's *Rhapsody on a Windy Night*; it is more formal in structure, it contains the " bridges " which a modern poet might omit, that is all.

Critics have acquired the habit of abstracting a " meaning " from a poem and commenting on that. It is something to hold on to. The less fortunate critic of music or painting cannot do the same. Yet there are pictures and pieces of music which we describe as nonsensical or meaningless because they do not provide harmonies we can understand: they " feel " wrong. In the same way a poem (or a part of one) is successful or not, is *lucid*, and it is so apart from any logical meaning which it may contain.

Mr. Sparrow seems to me to have manoeuvred his argument with an over-ingenious use of the words, " meaning," " thought " and " intelligibility." I do not deny that much of the poetry which he attacks is as bad as he says. His book should certainly be read by all serious students of poetry. But after reading it they might return to his first chapter and begin the argument again themselves.

G. W. STONIER

A BUMPER CROP

The Nine Tailors. By DOROTHY L. SAYERS. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Dragon Murder Case. By S. S. VAN DINE. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Ellery Queen Omnibus. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Sayers has given us so many admirable detective stories in the past and writes with such mastery over her medium that it is perhaps not surprising that she has grown restless of late and has indicated that she was feeling her way from the scene of her easy triumphs towards other departments of literature. In *Murder Must Advertise* last summer she encroached on the territory of the thriller. In *The Nine Tailors* she has veered about and is now heading for the straight novel. The book is another of her admirable detective stories, but half its 350 pages is devoted to descriptions of the Fen country and conversations of the Fen people; and Miss Sayers seems reluctant to turn back from her character sketches and the visual scene of dykes and tall churches to carry on with her plot. It is a pity, as her plot is sufficiently ingenious to stand any amount of elaboration. Lord Peter Wimsey, getting ditched in a fog in the Fens, takes refuge with the nearest clergyman, who promptly sets him to work ringing the New Year in with a peal of Kent Treble Bob Major, which lasted nine hours and thirteen minutes. And bell-ringing, off and on, lasts *us* out the rest of the book; Miss Sayers is determined that we shall know something about that mysterious subject before she lets us go. The mystery of the body, the supernumerary body, found in the lady of the manor's grave only begins to take shape at Easter; our first lesson in bell-ringing occupies the first quarter of the book. Naturally Lord Peter solves it in his debonair way to our great satisfaction, but even he, with his wide experience of the oddest crimes, was a little surprised at the actual cause of death. As for me, I was profoundly shocked.

After his course in bell-ringing the reader may be excused the lectures on dragons and the catalogue of fish in Mr. Van Dine's latest. These are merely like erudite padding to which that author is always addicted, and have no bearing on the detective problem in *The Dragon Murder Case*; they have been thoughtfully introduced in solid lumps, most convenient for skipping. As a detective story there is no point in comparing *The Dragon Murder Case* with *The Nine Tailors*; both are of the highest class, but of different nationality. No reader can expect anything better for months to come. Philo Vance's present riddle is what happens to a young man who takes a header into a diving-pool and disappears for good—his body is not there when the pool is drained. It is impossible for the solution not to be far-fetched, but it is certainly original. Mr. Van Dine is one of the most consistent detective writers, and at the same time so widely known and appreciated that there is no need to say more about his technique.

The *Ellery Queen Omnibus* contains three old Ellery Queens, *The French Powder*, *The Dutch Shoe*, and *The Greek Coffin Mysteries*. No one bothers as to when a detective story was written; all that matters is whether one has read it before. *The French Powder* and *The Dutch Shoe* are the two best Ellery Queens so far written; *The Greek Coffin* is incredibly involved, but with a logical flaw in the solution. This is certainly a bumper week for detective readers.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE POEMS OF CHURCHILL

The Poems of Charles Churchill. Edited by JAMES LAVER. 2 vols. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* £3 3*s.*

Mr. James Laver's spirited foreword should do much towards raising from an obscurity they do not wholly merit the satirical poems of Charles Churchill. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that—except for two or three celebrated and brilliant passages, of which the most famous is probably the renowned outburst of vituperation in *An Epistle to William Hogarth*:

> Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
> Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
> Through the dull measure of a summer's day,
> In phrase most vile, prate long, long hours away,
> Whilst friends with friends all gaping sit, and gaze
> To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise . . .

—Churchill is more interesting as a product of his period and John Wilkes' literary bravo (hired in opposition to Smollett, who had gone over to Lord Bute's camp) than as a writer to be studied for his own sake. And then, one suspects, he was a lovable character. A country clergyman, and the son of a clergyman, he escaped from penury, a parsonage and his wife by writing, after several earlier and clumsier efforts, *The Rosciad*, a poem which, although extremely energetic and instantaneously successful when it appeared, nowadays appeals to students of eighteenth-century life and the annals of the eighteenth-century stage rather than to the uninstructed lover of verse. It was Churchill's weakness that, unlike Pope and Dryden, he could very seldom give his satirical flights a poetic as well as a personal and particular application. The portrait of Hogarth in his dotage is unforgettable; and yet, as one studies the rest of the satire, one recollects that Churchill was inspired by no such exquisite aversion as incited Pope against Sporus, but wrote in the capacity of a literary henchman.

True, Churchill professed for Wilkes a genuine loyalty, and there is no doubt that the two men liked one another well: witness the scandalous and amusing extracts from their correspondence (much of it hitherto unpublished) which Mr. Laver prints in his introduction. Both were great drinkers and great lovers of women; and the notes they exchanged about the next number of *The North Briton* are interspersed with references to the " dear creatures " who played so delicious a part in Wilkes' busy and violent life. Between Paris, London and his house in the country he moved to and fro in a constant whirl of politics, intrigue and dissipation. " Sterne and I," he writes to Churchill from Paris, " often meet and talk of you. We have an odd party for to-night . . . two lively young handsome actresses . . . Ah, poor Mrs. Wilkes. I am impatient to see you here. I am some days quite philosophical, on others, most charmingly dissipated, for Paris has charms to shake even your constancy of soul." In fact, the constancy of Churchill's soul was not its most remarkable feature. Harsh moralist when it came to attacking—as he did in the *Times*—what he conceived to be the rapid and ominous spread of homosexual practices, he made up for the dullness of his early life by throwing himself heart and soul into the amusements of the London brothels and taverns.

" Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies "—the epitaph that marks his tomb in a Dover cemetery—seems the appropriate summing up of a boisterous career.

BROADCAST ECONOMICS

The Economist in the Witness Box. By STEPHEN KING-HALL and N. F. HALL. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 6*s.*

Listeners-in will remember that last spring, during the weeks immediately preceding the World Economic Conference, the B.B.C. had the happy notion of putting an Economist in the Witness Box and briefing a representative of the Man in the Street to cross-examine him before the microphone. The Economist was Mr. Noel Hall, of University College, London; Commander Stephen King-Hall was the spokesman of the public. There

Welcome!

For seven years or so the Gosses erected their little platform in the camps of the *New Statesman* and the *Nation and Athenæum* until early in 1931 they were advised that the fence separating the camps had been removed, and only one platform would in future be needed.

Somewhere about this time Mr. Gerald Barry created his *Week-end Review* and during the past three years Goss's platform has also appeared from time to time in that camp.

Now yet another fence has been removed and the three camps have become one.

Speaking quite selfishly the Gosses welcome these amalgamations. To them they mean the saving of both labour and money.

And seeing how well the amalgamations suit Goss the question arises will Goss suit the amalgamations?

Well, in each of the separate circulations there were quite a number of men whom Goss has had the honour and pleasure of "suiting" for several years. To those who have taken the trouble to read Goss's occasional effusions it will be known that the brothers Goss mainly rely upon so satisfactorily "suiting" their customers that they are willing to say to friends: "Yes—it's a Goss suit."

And now for the simple facts that have built up so pleasant a connection with weekly review readers. The two brothers Goss have practised their craft—one for over twenty and the other for over thirty years—until they claim that their workmanship is equal to any and will stand the test of the most exacting customer.

As to materials, they select them with similar knowledge and care, looking at once for distinction, durability and a range sufficient to allow them to offer a wide choice to meet each customer's particular wishes.

Finally, a word on prices. Goss's are low in their class, and are made possible by the facts that the two brothers do all measuring, cutting and fitting personally, their premises are modestly situated on the first floor and they ask all customers, old or new, to pay cash.

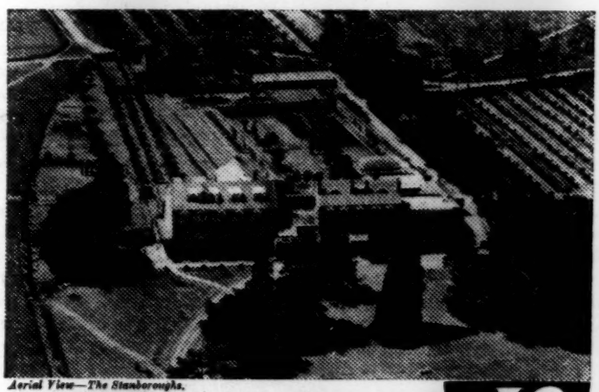
A thoroughly reliable Goss suit or overcoat may now be bought for Six Guineas, the better materials costing Seven to Nine and a Half Guineas. Dress suits Eight to Twelve Guineas.

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

Opposite Post Office Station *'Phone: City 8259*



Aerial View—The Stanboroughs.

20 YEARS of CURATIVE SUCCESS can help us to help YOU

A Hydro and Health Home, combining the very latest facilities for the application of Natural and Medical Science. All the amenities of a first-class hotel plus the most modern Hydrotherapeutic and Electro-curative apparatus.

"CURETIES." Massage, Artificial Sunlight, including Ultra-Violet and Infra-Red Rays. Electric Baths. Nauheim Baths. Foam Baths. Sitz Baths. Radiant Heat. Ionization. Manipulative Treatment and Corrective Gymnastics. Diathermy. Laboratory and X-Ray Section for Scientific Diagnosis. Individual Instruction in Diet (Supervised Fasts). Maternity Section. Surgical Section.

"AMENITIES." Situated 300 feet above sea-level within easy reach of London. Beautiful wooded Park of 60 acres. Spacious Dining Room (separate tables), Lounges, Drawing Rooms, etc. Special Suites, including Private Bath. Central Heating. All kinds of Indoor and Outdoor Recreations. Wireless Installation. Entertainments. Medical Lectures and Question Box.

Ask for Booklet R.

The STANBOROUGHS
Residential Health Hydro,
WATFORD *Telephone: Watford 5252.* **HERTS**

If you have tried and failed to get well ..... read this little Book

FREE It describes in the restrained words of Medical Scientists The Stanboroughs proud successes in the fight against illness. Fully illustrated. Complete Tariff.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

Chairman: THE RIGHT HON. R. McKENNA
Deputy Chairmen:
W. G. BRADSHAW, C.B.E., S. CHRISTOPHERSON
Managing Director: FREDERICK HYDE

Statement of Accounts, December 31st, 1933

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	415,474,036
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits	10,176,005
Engagements	5,657,399

ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	42,233,852
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	13,821,540
Money at Call & Short Notice	21,035,289
Investments at or under Market Value	118,086,369
Bills Discounted	62,828,431
Advances to Customers & other Accounts	164,440,337
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements	15,833,404
Bank Premises at Head Office & Branches	9,540,378
Other Properties & work in progress for extension of the business	1,106,063
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	750,000
Capital, Reserve & Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,605,078
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,995,737
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,377,688
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	401,286

The Midland Bank and Affiliated Companies operate 2550 branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and have agents and correspondents in all parts of the world.

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

were ten talks, delivered weekly and lasting twenty minutes each; during this aggregate period of three hours twenty minutes the unfortunate Mr. Hall had to cope with inquiries on international labour costs, shipping subsidies, valorisation schemes, the N.R.A., public works, the foreign exchanges, the 1931 crisis, planned economy, banks and credit, and, linked with these, practically every subject touched on in a normal three-year academic course in economics. He had to answer these in such a way as to leave a coherent impression on the mind of a listener who could not be assumed to know the very A.B.C. of economic theory. Commander King-Hall had the scarcely less difficult task of choosing and arranging his questions so as at once fairly to represent the perplexities of the Man in the Street, to hold the balance between the concrete and the theoretical, and to allow the Economist to cover the ground within the allotted time.

These talks have now been reprinted, together with a final "retrospect" which was not broadcast, a discussion on Economists by Commander King-Hall, an account of the crisis by Mr. Hall, a bibliography, and an analysis of the correspondence received from listeners. The general verdict will be that both protagonists aquitted themselves nobly. They cannot, of course, altogether escape the charge of superficiality, but superficiality was imposed on them both by the time limit and by the nature of the audience. Most readers will agree with Mr. A. T. K. Grant, who, as an impartial "juryman," analyses the letter bag, that the series improves enormously as it goes on; the dialogue method was a novelty at Broadcasting House, and it took two or three sessions for the Economist and his examiner to get used to the game. Certainly those who listened to it must have found the proceedings of the World Economic Conference far easier to follow than those who did not; and most of it, moreover, is still perfectly applicable now.

The discussions sternly steered clear of all cranks and near-cranks, thereby sorely disappointing the followers of Major Douglas, Dr. Eisler, *et hoc genus omne*. Perhaps it is a pity that some time could not be spared for discussing the under-consumption theories vaguely held, in one form or another, by probably nine-tenths of the Labour Party's supporters; though this hare is started once or twice (e.g., in the third talk), the pursuit turns aside to follow other subjects, such as the difference between the functions of the banks and those of the issue houses.

Apart from its interest as an elucidation of the world economic situation—an interest which inevitably tends to vary in inverse ratio to the reader's own familiarity with economic principles and events—this series provides a stimulating example of a new method of broadcasting technique. HONOR CROOME

SHORTER NOTICES

The *Sociological Review* has been running for some twenty-five years; but it has limped badly of late. It is good to see it rejuvenated now under a new editorial board consisting of Professor Carr-Saunders, Mr. Alexander Farquharson and Professor Ginsberg. It will continue to be published quarterly (£1 1s. a year, post free, or 5s. for each number); but its scope is wider and more representative of all aspects of sociological studies. The first number, which is just published, contains admirable articles—by Professor Westermarck, Professor Hetherington, Sir Maurice Amos, Mr. T. H. Marshall, and Mr. Christopher Dawson—as well as book reviews by men expert in their subjects. If the *Sociological Review* keeps up this quality, there should be no doubt about its success.

1934 January. NEW ATLANTIS Quarterly 3/6 Post 6d.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ALL WESTERN CULTURE—Economics, Politics, Science, Psychology, Art, Poetry, Religion. Jan., 1934, issue includes POETRY by Guiterman, Dorothy Plowman, Hugh Macdiarmid, Gwynneth Underhill, Vladimir Nazor, Josip Kosor, Otakar Březina. MODERN ITALIAN PAINTING—illustrations of Pozzo, Depero, Dottori, Prampolini; SCULPTURES by Meštrović. Articles: Gutkind—Our Religion of Steel, S. G. Hobson—BIFURCATION OF PARLIAMENT, Nelson Heaver—Doctrine and Practice of the British Commonwealth. Post-War Socialism and Workers' Control—MANIFESTO TO LABOUR. AMERICA AND THE PACIFIC—Perspectives 1934—Johannes Steel. Where is America?—Stephen Graham. THIS INTOLERABLE LIBERTY—Jan. Gordon, etc.

From any newsagent, or from 55 GOWER STREET, W.C.1

Adventures in the Near East. By Lt.-Col. RAWLINSON, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

Colonel Rawlinson is a man with every sort of courage, from the almost maniacal variety to that which enabled him to face starvation, brutal ill-treatment and imminent death for two years with perfect dignity and self-possession. Starting life as a soldier who played polo for England, he took up motor-racing and flying (he held Royal Aero Club certificate No. 3, and crashed at the Bournemouth meeting when Rolls was killed). At the outbreak of war he purchased two machine-guns which played a considerable part in his adventures. With them and some stout cardboard he made himself an "armoured" car in the Caucausus, but for his greatest feat—carrying off a ship loaded with high explosive and manned by ninety-six armed and hostile Bolsheviks with ten English soldiers—he made use of an even more original protection. To avoid being shot as he patrolled the bridge, he put up a rampart of cases of dynamite each containing a fulminate detonator, so that a single bullet would have sent the ship sky-high. But the tale of his sufferings as a prisoner in Turkey is the most moving part of the story: such courage goes with simplicity and literal-mindedness, and Colonel Rawlinson has much the same simple set of values as Robinson Crusoe. Pacifists will read this book with envy of a man who finds no problems in bloodshed, and who is spiritually at home among Kurdish bandits. *Adventures in the Near East* is an excellent book.

Something New Out of Africa. By H. W. PITMAN. 15s.

Encouraged by the title, the reader may feel slightly deflated when he opens the book at the not unfamiliar features of H.R.H. "I do not remember who called the Prince of Wales the Perfect Ambassador," confesses the author, who introduced His Royal Highness to the Bor herd of elephant. Shortly afterwards, when the reader finds himself confronted by the features of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, he will feel that as novelties these distinguished aerial passengers yield pride of place to the big game over which they were repeatedly flown by the author, who is a Wing-Commander. Some of the aerial photographs of animals are exceedingly good, but many of them have been spoilt by being touched up for publication. A touched-up photograph is not worth reproducing in these days. Yet, though its title might be changed to *Nothing New Out of Africa*, the book has merits whenever the author is speaking of flying. A leaky radiator, or float, or battling blindly through a sandstorm, make a different man of him, and, in describing them, his writing becomes suddenly alive. The accounts of searching dhows from seaplanes in the Red Sea, and of the first transcontinental East to West flight from Port Sudan to Bathurst on the West Coast and back again, which the author commanded, are excellent. Outside his job he is limited to *les idées reçues*, which is equally unfair to his subject, whether Prince or pachyderm.

Elizabethan Tragedy. Six Representative Plays (excluding Shakespeare) Selected and edited by GEORGE RYLANDS. *Bell.* 6s.

This compact, well-printed and inexpensive volume of plays has been prepared by Mr. George Rylands "for the uninitiated"; and its purpose is to provide a background for Shakespeare and a general introduction to that strange world of sudden passion and more sudden death which goes by the name of Elizabethan tragedy. Limited to half a dozen plays, Mr. Rylands' selection contains, as one would expect, an outstanding tragedy by each of Shakespeare's greatest contemporaries. Marlowe is represented by the first part of *Tamburlaine the Great*; Heywood by *A Woman Killed with Kindness*; Tourneur by *The Revenger's Tragedy*; Chapman—a welcome inclusion—by *Bussy D'Ambois*; Webster by *The White Devil*; and Ford by *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*. Each of these tragedies, as Mr. Rylands observes, "contains a character, a situation, a stylistic effect, which cannot be paralleled in Shakespeare." Studied as a whole, they illustrate admirably the *style* of Elizabethan drama, which Mr. Rylands justly recognises as the only real unity it possesses.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

To make a list of the first-rate "star" pianists of to-day would be a gratifying but wearisome task. To make a list of the violinists of similar calibre would occupy at the most ten seconds. For this simple reason certain pianists, even the redoubtable Josef Hoffmann, for example, are given rather less than their due, while quite efficient but essentially second-rate fiddlers are hailed as virtuosi.

Szigeti, however, is a violinist who could hold his own in any country or any period; there is probably no more distinguished executive artist alive to-day. One does not know which to admire most—his clear yet solid tone, his impeccable intonation, his remarkable rhythmic sense or the masculinity of his readings. Like all first-rate artists he stands four square and one cannot really hold out one quality for especial admiration. A fine example of his virtuosity is provided by the records he has made of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto accompanied by Sir Thomas Beecham

Interest on Current Accounts

During the past year the C.W.S. BANK has paid interest at the rate of 2% per annum on current accounts. The commission charge is quite moderate.

Subscriptions, insurance premiums, building society payments, etc., etc., may be left to the care of the Bank, once a standing order has been lodged.

Annual Turnover - £650,000,000

Write or Call.

C·W·S· BANK

HEAD OFFICE:
1, Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES.
LONDON: 99, Leman Street, E.1.
42, Kingsway, W.C.2.
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: West Blandford Street.
BRISTOL: Broad Quay.

Hoarse?

You need

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them

4d. per oz.
In tins:
2 oz. **8d.** 4 oz. **1/3**

SOUTHERN COUNTIES BUILDING SOCIETY

DIRECTORS:
The Viscount Brentford. Sir George Thurston, K.B.E.
J. Hugh Edwards, Esq., J.P. W. Skelt, Esq. A. Hall, Esq.

FOR A LIMITED PERIOD

SHARES will be ISSUED at **5% TAX FREE** *EQUIVALENT TO* **£6 - 13 - 4%**

A SAFE AND SOUND INVESTMENT

Call or write: SOUTHERN COUNTIES BUILDING SOCIETY (Dept. S.8), 16, CITY ROAD, E.C.1. Telephones: National 0126-7-8

IT ensures delivery if you place a definite order with your newsagent
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review
10 Gt. Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

NOW PROCEEDING!

BURBERRYS SALE

Rich quality garments made by Burberrys' own workmen.

THE BURBERRY LOUNGE SUIT

THE BURBERRY
The World's Best Weatherproof and one of the World's Best Overcoats, as sketch. SPECIAL SALE PRICE **73/6**

LOUNGE SUITS
Burberry Lounge Suits, as sketch. In weights for all seasons. Usually 8 gns.
SALE PRICE **4 gns.**

THE DUAL BURBERRY
Double-sided coat, Tweed or Gabardine. Two coats for the price of one.
SPECIAL SALE PRICE **7 gns.**

WEATHERALL OVERCOATS
Burberry Weatherall Overcoats. Browns, fawns and greys. Usual price 7 gns.
SALE PRICE, from **5 gns.**

DUAL BURBERRY WEATHERALL

SPORTS SUIT GOLF JERKIN

SPORTS SUITS
Burberry Sports Suits. Cut lounge shape without belt. Usual price 9 and 10 gns.
SALE PRICE **6 gns.**

BURBERRY GOLF JERKINS
Designed to give shirt-sleeve freedom. Light, airfree yet protective. Usually 4½ gns.
SALE PRICE **55/-**

URBITOR OVERCOATS
Made from the world-famed Burberry Urbitor Weatherproof Coatings. Models for Town or Country. Usual price 7 gns.
SALE PRICE **5 gns.**

ROBUSTOR OVERCOATS
Burberry D.B. Robustors, as sketch. Usual price 9 to 14 gns.
SALE PRICE, from **7 gns.**

URBITOR ROBUSTOR

ALL GARMENTS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS APPROVAL AGAINST CASH

OPEN TILL 7 p.m.
SATURDAYS 1 p.m.

Write for full list from Dept. 68

BURBERRYS LTD., HAYMARKET, S.W.1

and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia 4 12in. LX 262–5).

This concerto is usually made an excuse for finicking brilliance and spinsterish sentimentality. Szigeti plays it with breadth and vigour and reveals it as the excellent piece of music it undoubtedly is; his performance creates a standard by which all future performances of this work will be judged.

The tone of the solo instrument comes through splendidly, and taken all round these are among the very best records that have been issued recently. Occurring rather surprisingly on the fourth side is a phenomenal performance of the Paganini caprice *La Chasse*. (This arrangement has the advantage of presenting the second and third movements on two self-contained discs.)

Whereas Szigeti makes us realise why Mendelssohn so impressed his contemporaries, Backhaus hardly does the same for Grieg, whose concerto he has recorded with John Barbirolli and The New Symphony Orchestra (H.M.V. 3 12in. D.B. 2074–6). Not that these are bad records—on the contrary, they maintain an excellent standard—but somehow they are without the conviction, the curious glow, that Szigeti and Beecham have imparted to the Mendelssohn concerto. Perhaps it would be a good idea to forbid all performances of the Grieg concerto for ten years or so and then look at it again. Its qualities as a show-piece have earned it a number of performances which would never be given to a symphonic work of equal value, and as a consequence we are most of us heartily sick of it. We should not blame Grieg for this, however, but the stupidity of the average virtuoso pianist. Whatever the constructional faults of this concerto it is impossible not to recognise the intensely musical faculty of the man who could write the slow movement. Both Grieg and Mendelssohn have one admirable quality in common, a quality which when referring to a book we describe as "being readable." This quality is apt to be under-estimated if not actually despised in certain musical circles to-day and the composer who throws a lump of undigested introspection at his audience is considered more "profound" than the composer who essays the far more exacting task of clarifying his thoughts and presenting them in comparatively agreeable form. It is only the greatest composers who can afford to be "unreadable"; from the minor composers, the Griegs of to-day, we have the right to demand that they should be not only readable but "eminently readable."

To go from Backhaus' record of the Grieg concerto to the Lener Quartet's record of Ravel's quartet (Columbia 4 12in. LX 270–273) is an easy transition—easier than it would have been before the war when Ravel was set up as a rival to his infinitely greater contemporary Debussy.

Quite apart from the fact that this quartet is, both harmonically and constructionally, far closer to Grieg than to Debussy, Ravel may be said to fill the place in contemporary music that was filled in the late nineteenth century by Grieg and in an earlier period by Mendelssohn. He has the same weaknesses and the same virtues, the same elegance, ease and charm (none the worse at a first hearing for being evanescent). His *Daphnis et Chloe* and Piano Trio have more weight than usual, but in his quartet he is content to be clear and pleasing and does not fuss about profundity of thought or complexity of construction. Unfortunately these records do less than justice to the charms of the work.

There is some pleasant recording of string tone, particularly in the upper register, but the 'cello part is either under-played or under-recorded throughout. (This is particularly noticeable in the accompaniment to the second subject in the first movement, and in the reminiscences of the scherzo in the trio.) As a result not only does Ravel's already fragile texture take on an unpleasantly skimpy quality, but the harmonic effect of certain passages cannot be grasped without the aid of a score (or the memory of previous performances). Moreover the rhythm, particularly in the finale, is shaky, to say the least. The coda, which should be in changing five-eight and three-four time, is played like a valse throughout (that is to say, the value of a whole quaver is definitely added to the five-eight bars). It is just conceivable that the Lener Quartet are playing from a revised set of parts; it is certainly charitable to assume so. It is never enjoyable to see a good player below par, and fortunately one is able to turn with some relief to the Schumann Quintet in E flat (Columbia 4 12in. in album LX 266–9) where the Lener Quartet and Mrs. Olga Loeser-Lebert are in their usual excellent form.

Of other recent recordings I have only space to mention the splendid records of Elgar's *Cockaigne* overture made by the B.B.C. Orchestra under the composer (H.M.V. 2 12in. D.B. 1935–6).

CONSTANT LAMBERT

Week-end Competitions

Number 201

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Letter of Thanks for a week-end visit to a Useful Hostess from a guest who, immediately on his arrival, has met with a slight but disfiguring accident; has had no sleep; has caught a bad cold; has made a *gaffe* at tea; and from whose baggage a servant in repacking has omitted an important article of his apparel.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 26th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 199

(Published in *Week-end Review*, January 6th)

Set by John Brophy

A. Mr. Godfrey Elton, who is a novelist of no more than forty-one years, has been made a Baron in the New Year Honours List. This must obviously "put ideas" into the heads of his fellow "younger novelists," and we may imagine some of them being tentatively approached next December by one of the Prime Minister's secretaries to discover if they would be willing to accept a peerage. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the most convincing letter of reply to such a suggestion, whether accepting or declining, written in the recognisable style of one of our "younger novelists."

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Sonnet on *The Decay of Liberty*, which will be judged purely on its poetic qualities.

Report by John Brophy

A. Most of the competitors failed to note that the letter had to be "convincing," and burlesqued their chosen authors. Mr. Beverley Nichols found many mockers and only Charles Box seemed to take him seriously. T. E. Casson caught the romantic flavour of Mr. Compton Mackenzie neatly, but Mr. Mackenzie, whatever his age, is too well established to be legitimate prey. James Hall spoilt a "Beachcomber" letter with "regret am not interested in same." "Inkling" was audacious and complimentary enough to take off my own brief abrupt sentences, and punned deftly on "titles" and "royalties." But, on the whole, the entries lacked wit and devilry, so I recommend that the prize money available for the two competitions be interchanged and redistributed: and that Half a Guinea each be awarded to "Noel Archer" for a dignified refusal on behalf of Miss Rose Macaulay; to "Comins" for a shameless acceptance as by Mr. Beverley Nichols; and to A. H. Ellerington for a reasoned acceptance by Mr. A. P. Herbert.

B. Here the entries were more numerous and much harder to judge. Scarcely one but had some merit. Hassall Pitman ended a passage of rhetoric with the pleasing line, "And men scarce breathe thy name for very fear." H. C. Riddell began with poetry, but fell into the style of a "leader" in the popular press. W. A. Rathkey's sonnet sounded magnificent, but repeated readings did not make its meaning clear—and I am not one of those who are impressed by the unintelligible. "F. A." sent an entry technically perfect, but rather stilted. William Bliss made a brave attempt to express an idea too subtle for the diction at his command within the seven days' limit. Hazel Jenner mixed her metaphors but achieved a nice Miltonic line, "Keeping her house with humble decency," and "Pibwob" in his octet got very near the grand manner:

> Always, through decade after decade, we
> With a great sum must buy our liberty;
> And if for ease or apathy men grow
> Careless in full instalments, they must go
> Bankrupt, to bide by what the dooms decree.

I was very taken with his bold transposal of commercial terms to the uses of poetry, but the rhetoric which shadows his last phrase in the quotation takes possession of the remainder of the sonnet. I recommend that a First Prize of One Guinea be awarded to "Rufus" for the excellent sonnet printed below, and three prizes of Half a Guinea each

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality

WILLS'S

THREE CASTLES

CIGARETTES

10 FOR 8D. — *Handmade*
20 FOR 1/4 — 20 FOR 1/6
50 FOR 3/3 — *Also obtainable in other packings*

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the '*Three Castles*.'"
—THE VIRGINIANS.

T.T. 1318

VAPEX
INHALANT
For relief from COLDS and CATARRH breathe the germicidal vapour frequently. A drop on the handkerchief by day and on the pillow at night give comfort and protection.
2/- per bottle
All Chemists
3/- double size

BARCLAYS BANK

LIMITED.

FREDERICK CRAUFURD GOODENOUGH, D.C.L., Chairman.
WILLIAM FAVILL TUKE, Deputy-Chairman.
HUGH EXTON SEEBOHM, } Vice-Chairmen.
EDWIN FISHER, }
General Managers: A. W. TUKE, W. O. STEVENSON, N. S. JONES.
Foreign General Manager: B. J. FOSTER.

Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1933.

	£	£
LIABILITIES.		
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including Reserve for Income Tax and Contingencies and Balance of Profit and Loss	366,873,557	
Balances in Account with Subsidiary Banks	11,886,215	
		378,759,772
Acceptances and Endorsements, &c., for account of Customers		7,191,741
Paid-up Capital		15,858,217
Reserve Fund		10,250,000
ASSETS.		
Cash in hand, and with the Bank of England		51,175,098
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection		11,074,688
Money at Call and Short Notice		21,383,300
Bills Discounted		59,953,329
Investments		98,145,737
Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost, *less* amounts written off) :—		
The British Linen Bank—**£1,238,744** Stock		3,716,232
Union Bank of Manchester Limited—**300,000** Shares of **£5** each. **£2 10s.** paid		750,000
Other Subsidiary Banks—(including fully paid Shares and **500,000** "B" Shares of **£5** each, **£1** per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) and **1,000,000** Shares of **£1** each, **5s.** per share paid up, in Barclays Bank (France) Limited)		2,237,899
Advances to Customers and other Accounts		148,835,468
Liability of Customers for Acceptances and Endorsements, &c.		7,191,741
Bank Premises and Adjoining Properties (at cost, *less* amounts written off)		7,596,838

HEAD OFFICE:

54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

Over 2,080 Branches in England and Wales.

go to W. Leslie Nicholls; to "Palermo" (for a most unusual sonnet introducing newspapers, water-bailiffs and "trespassers are prosecuted," but poetic throughout); and to "Southron" who begins with a startling variation, "England! thou shouldst be living at this hour; Freedom hath need of thee"; and maintains the Wordsworthian air down to his concluding couplet:

> The citadels of conscience are forsaken
> And realms of private thought by force are taken.

FIRST PRIZE

THE DECAY OF LIBERTY

They have sung many songs and built her temples,
Fashioned her statues, spilt their blood for her,
Tumbled the crowns of kings as high examples
All in her name—she, who could scarcely stir.
Now they are going out from the gold portal,
Turning keys on the room where she is lying
For the frail goddess, only half immortal,
Whose life was ever faint, is dying, dying.
Make no dirge for her, she was a name only,
A peevish voice that cried to have its way,
As empty as moonbeams are, and as lonely
As a cloud wisp on a clear summer's day:
Yet the brave wave will hardly raise its head,
Or winds call as they used, when she is dead.

"RUFUS"

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 56.—DR. BRAVADO'S HOME

Dr. Bravado's Home for Orphans was visited by a Bishop, an Archdeacon and a Stockbroker. The Home accommodates both boys and girls, but the visitors had only time to inspect the girls, of whom some half-dozen were on view.

Each of the visitors gave money for the orphans: an exact number of shillings in respect of each boy and an exact number in respect of each girl. Moreover, each gave, in all, an exact number of pounds. None gave less than £5; no two gave the same sum; and the three contributions totalled £20.

The Bishop gave 2s. in respect of each boy. The Stockbroker gave 17s. in respect of each girl. The Archdeacon treated boys and girls alike.

How many girls and boys respectively are inmates of the home?

PROBLEM 54.—CUES

Insert the names of the speakers in the document left by Grusome. We then get:

C laudius: What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
O phelia: Will he tell us what this show meant?
O phelia: You are keen, my lord, you are keen . . .
P olonius: O, I am slain . . .
E xit.

The initials now give us COOPE. Presumably therefore HENN COOPE is implicated in the murder.

PROBLEM 53.—ALICE'S EXAMINATION

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: B. C. Lucia, 31 Christ Church, Doncaster. *Beginning this week, the Cartoons awarded are those of the new series, publication of which has just concluded.*

Seven points are awarded for this problem.

"H. A. T.," having failed (so far) to solve Problems 54 and 55, has expressed his agonies in rhyme. Here is his note on 55:

> *Aggressive Progressions to thousands—and then*
> *Some trivial additions were worked by my pen.*
> *Delicious round figures were parted and parted;*
> *But when breakfast was brought I was back where I started.*

WORD SQUARE

C A M P
I D O L
T I R E
E T N A

A copy of the *Playtime Omnibus* goes to Stephen McWatters, 11 Fyfield Rd., Oxford.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution, selected at random.

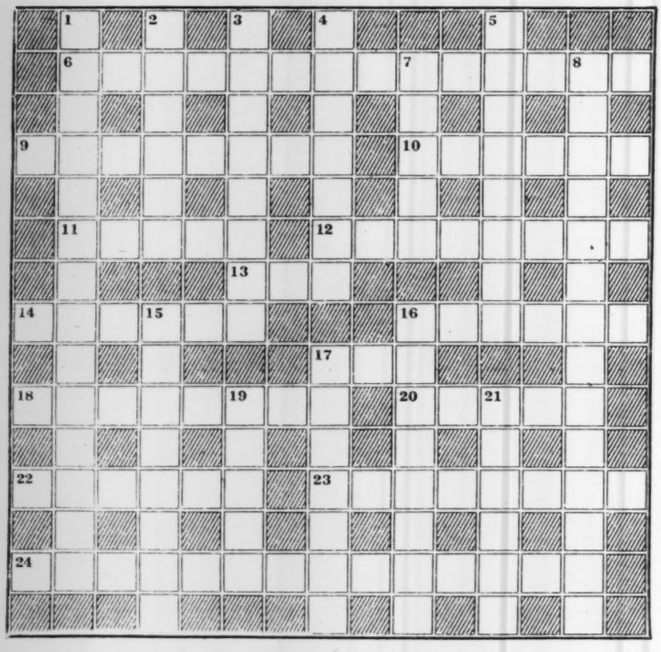
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have secured a prize on this cumulative point basis become eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and must reach this office not later than the Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 202

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L. S. (of the *Week-end Review*).

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

Mrs. N. Lake, 118, Hendon Lane, N.3, is the winner of last week's crossword.

ACROSS

6. A great man's weak spot (14).
9. Lack of 1 makes one (8).
10. The purpose of ironwork is to make this (6).
11. Forfend where graver truth lies hid (5).
12. The sort of ring that lasts (8).
13. 17 term (3).
14. "But what is your —— in Elsinore?" (6).
16. "Pale, pale as ashes, all——'d in blood" (6).
17. Legs that save 17 from discomfort (3).
18. Discharging (8).
20. Three less than a smoke advertisement with nothing in it (5).
22. Civilisation of 3000 to 1500 B.C. (6).
23. This line passes through 3's head (8).
24. Napoleon to his army (14).

DOWN

1. Support from the baker (14).
2. Old time England (6).
3. No doubt Charles hitched his wagon to it (8).
4. Fishermen with tackle entangled find this lighthouse (7).
5. The colour Joseph's coat was dyed (8).
7. House fires should be (5).
8. Can be put out (14).
15. Mean ones say it with flowers (8).
16. "Oh, break, my heart, poor——, break at once!" (8).
17. Receptacle for food (7).
19. You and 9 others are in a weary state (5).
21. Source of the milk supply (6).

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

NOTES.—Bedaub and Bankrupt—"Romeo and Juliet." III, 2.

In Solution 199, 26 should have been printed "LETHEON"; in Solution 200, 11 should have been printed "LINED UP."

M	I	S	T	R	E	S	S	■	C	H	I	T	I	N
A	■	H	■	I	■	T	■	■	E	■	U	■	A	■
H	E	A	D	G	E	A	R	■	S	T	O	R	K	S
D	■	N	■	O	■	G	■	O	■	E	■	N	■	R
I	N	T	E	R	L	E	A	F	■	R	I	S	H	I
S	■	Y	■	■	■	■	■	F	■	O	■	P	■	D
■	■	■	F	Y	L	F	O	T	■	D	R	I	V	E
S	■	H	■	E	■	R	■	H	■	O	■	T	■	S
C	H	I	N	A	■	I	C	E	A	X	E	■	■	■
R	■	B	■	R	■	G	■	■	■	■	A	■	A	■
A	C	E	R	B	■	H	A	R	D	L	I	N	E	S
M	■	R	■	O	■	T	■	A	■	E	■	G	■	S
B	A	N	D	O	G	■	F	I	R	E	S	I	D	E
L	■	I	■	K	■	■	■	L	■	C	■	N	■	T
E	L	A	P	S	E	■	E	S	C	H	E	A	T	S

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated

DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Th. & Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Daily.
Alice in Wonderland.

KINGSWAY. Hemlock. Wed. & Sat.

PALACE. Gay Divorce. Wed. & Sat.

PICCADILLY. Sleeping Clergyman. M.W.S.

PRINCES. On With the Show. W. & S.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

S.MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. M.Tu.F.

WINTER GARDEN. On the Rocks. W.S.2.15.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. (Whitehall 2525).
Commencing Sat., Jan. 27, at 8 p.m., subs.
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE in **HENRY V**
with
BASIL GILL FRANKLIN DYALL
D. HAY PETRIE and YVONNE ARNAUD

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Mon., Jan. 22, for one week. Nightly at 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15.
SHEPPEY
by Somerset Maugham.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Mat., Th., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
LABURNUM GROVE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem. 5122.)
People's National Theatre Productions.
Daily at 2.30. **ALICE IN WONDERLAND.**
Evgs., 8.30. FRANK VOSPER as Henry VIII in
THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN
by CLIFFORD BAX.

KINGSWAY THEATRE. Holborn 4032.
MONDAY NEXT, for six nights at 8.15.
Mats., Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
T.T.T. PRODUCTIONS present
JEAN SHEPHEARD
in
HEMLOCK.
A Tragi-Comedy in III Acts, and an Epilogue.
J. FISHER WHITE, MARGARET SCUDAMORE,
BERYL MEASOR, TOM HELMORE.
Play by Underwood.

RESTAURANTS

WHEN RULES say "the very best food beautifully cooked," they mean it! Lunch, Dinner and Late Supper. Licensed till midnight. Estd. 1780. Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m., 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

FAMOUS Authors by "Spy," etc., 20 coloured Cartoons, for Sale, price 20s., post free, anywhere. Arnold, Beerbohm, Browning, Carlyle, Collins, France, Haggard, Hardy, Kipling, Mason, Meredith, Moore, Shaw, Swinburne, Tennyson, Trollope, Twain, Wilde, Zangwill, Zola. VANITY FAIR, 5 Sandland St., London, W.C.1.

LADY will sell her fine quality real cultured Pearl Necklet, with Jewel Clasp. Accept £12. Cost £30. Write FORD, 24 Bury Street, S.W.1.

AGED PEOPLE find Allenburys Diet grateful and comforting. Send 3d. stamps for ½lb. trial sample. ALLEN & HANBURYS, LTD., (Dept. N.S.4), 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
FRED ASTAIRE in **GAY DIVORCE.**
With CLAIRE LUCE and OLIVE BLAKENEY.

PICCADILLY. 8.30. 3 Mats., Mon., Wed., Sat. 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents
A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.
ERNEST THESIGER.
DORICE FORDRED. ROBERT DONAT.

PRINCES. Tem. 3633. 8.15, Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LAWRENCE WRIGHT presents
ON WITH THE SHOW.
LEN HARVEY, GILLIE POTTER, BETTY FRANKISS.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Mon., Tues., & Fri. 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) 2/5 to 10/6.
Tues. next, Jan. 23rd at 8.15 (subsequently 8.30).
ANMER HALL presents:—
SATURDAY'S CHILDREN
by Maxwell Anderson. Revised for England by Cecil Madden. First Mat. Sat., Jan. 27 at 2.30.

WINTER GARDEN. Hol. 8881. 6d. to 5/- inc.
Evgs., 8. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.15. (Last Weeks.)
ON THE ROCKS.
A New Play by BERNARD SHAW.

PICTURE THEATRES

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar. 3161
12 Noon. (Sundays 6 & 8.30.)
LADY FOR A DAY ("Apple Annie"), starring
MAY ROBSON, WARREN WILLIAM and GUY KIBBEE.
Last 2 Performances, Sunday, Jan. 21st.

EMPIRE Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
MOVIE QUEEN & RADIO KING.
MARION DAVIES BING CROSBY
in **GOING HOLLYWOOD.**

ART GALLERIES

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Square. 10–6. (1) Drawings by CONSTANTIN GUYS (1805–1892). (2) Paintings by BISSIERE. (3) Paintings and Drawings by ALBERT RUTHERSTON.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

UNITARIAN Publications Free. "Why I became a Unitarian."—MISS BARMBY, M. Pleasant, Sidmouth.

QUAKERISM.—Information and Literature respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the FRIENDS' HOME SERVICE COMMITTEE, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

ABSOLUTELY FREE. A large sample of our wonderful best tea will be sent on request. We have a theory that the readers of this paper are likely to be specially particular about their tea, and, as we know, being specialists in tea, that a trial will mean an enthusiastic new customer, we smilingly undertake the cost of this free distribution.—Johns Tea Importers, Ltd., 369A High Street, Cheltenham.

BOOKPLATES. Heraldic and Pictorial, designed from £2 2s. Particulars from OSBORNE 27 Eastcastle St., London, W.1.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, January 21st, at 11 a.m. GERALD HEARD: The Growth of Sensibility. 6.30, Concert. Chamber Music. Tuesday, January 23rd, at 7 p.m. P. P. ECKERSLEY, M.I.E.E., F.I.R.E.: Things that Matter—Perhaps? Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

WESTMINSTER SOCIETY. Lecture: "PROBLEMS OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT," By Dr. HERMAN FINER, Wed., Jan. 24th, 8.15 p.m., at National Liberal Club, S.W.1. All welcome.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

ABERDARE HALL (INCORPORATED), CARDIFF. A Hall of Residence for Women Students of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire.

The Council invite applications for the post of Warden of Aberdare Hall, which will become vacant at the end of the present session. Candidates must be not more than 45 years of age, must hold a University Degree or equivalent, and have had experience of residence in a University or College Hall or Hostel or similar institution. Salary £300 per annum with board and residence. Applications with three recent testimonials (15 copies of each) to be sent not later than February 10th, to the HON. SEC., Aberdare Hall, Corbett Road, Cardiff, from whom full particulars can be obtained.

INTELLIGENT, well-educated lady, requires DAILY POST. Preferably with professional man; or as assistant in clinic. Guy's trained NURSE and MIDWIFE. Fluent French. MRS. DAVIS, 42 Canfield Gardens, N.W.6

MR. GERALD BARRY recommends his secretary. Five years' editorial experience. Write Box 429, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT, aged 25, B.A. (Hons. Cantab.) wants appointment either at home or abroad. Box 427, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING

REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 37 Belmont Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, ETC.
Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed.
ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked.
Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent.
PROMPT SERVICE BUREAU, LIMITED.
6 Conduit Street, W.1, (Mayfair 3163/4.)

TYPEWRITING and Duplicating artistically carried out by well-educated staff. Personal checking by experts.—Details by post from the SECRETARY, 255 Cromwell Road, S.W.5.

LITERARY

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (191a) Palace Gate, W.8.

EXPERT Publishers' Reviewer, criticises MSS. Individual constructive reports. Brochure from SYLVIA STEVENSON, 12 Henrietta St., W.C.2.

AUTHORS. Well-known publisher (retired) offers criticism and advice on your work. Suitable MSS. also placed with leading publishers. Write: Box 3, V.L.A., 34 Great James St., London W.C.1.

LYRIC WRITERS seeking a capable Musical Collaborator should send specimen verses, with postage for return, to CARRINGTON BRIGGS, Composer, Leven, Hull, E. Yorks.

TWEEDS AND WOOLLENS

PULLOVERS, CARDIGANS, direct from the Shetlands. All kinds of Woollies, hand-knitted for you by expert native knitters, from lovely real Shetland wool. Nothing else so soft, so light, so comfortable. The newest, most fashionable styles, plain, or in famous "Fair-Isle" patterns. At Shetland prices, far less than shop prices. Write for Free Illus'd Booklet, and Wool Colour Card. WM. D. JOHNSON, S.T. 173 Mid-Yell, Shetlands.

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS. Woven from pure wool of the hardy little Cumberland sheep bred on the hills of the "John Peel" country. Hard wearing, weather resisting for sports and country wear. Full suit length, 35s. 6d., or 10s. 6d. per yard, 56in. wide. Write for patterns. Sole suppliers, S. REDMAYNE AND SONS, LTD., 18 Wigton, Cumberland.

DONEGAL Hand-woven Tweed, Hand-knit Stockings, etc., always in stock. Tweed patterns free on request.—MANAGER, Lissadell, Sligo, Irish Free State.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard's
Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d. 1- 2- & 4-

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs
One Year, post free - - - 30s. 0d.
Six Months „ „ - - - 15s. 0d.
Three „ „ „ - - - 7s. 6d.

All communications should be addressed:
NEW STATESMAN & NATION, *The Week-end Review*
10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

ROOSEVELT AND THE HORNS OF OUR DILEMMA—A POLICY FOR LABOUR—AMERICAN SPECULATIONS—U.S. RAILROAD BONDS

THE initiative in world monetary affairs long since passed out of the hands of the British Government. President Roosevelt has virtually assumed control, and if Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Montagu Norman do not come to terms with him they will be forced to conform to the American ideas of devaluation. Of course, the new American price for gold—$34.45 per ounce, which is the equivalent of a 60 cents gold dollar— has not yet been made effective in the exchanges. This can only be done when the American Treasury offers to buy not only domestic gold but gold from anywhere in the world. But let us not imagine that President Roosevelt will hesitate to make his gold price effective when the need arises. If the £ remains pegged on the franc at 80 $\frac{5}{16}$, this will be the result :

Effective 60 cents gold dollar = 5.24 dollars to the £ with franc rate at 80 $\frac{5}{16}$.
„ 50 „ „ = 6.29 „ „ „ „

If the £ breaks away from the franc and follows the dollar, i.e., remains at the present rate of 5.12 to the £, this would be the result :

Effective 60 cents gold dollar = 78.4 francs to £ with dollar rate at 5.12.
„ 50 „ „ = 65.3 „ „ „ „

We have, therefore, to choose whether we wish to follow the dollar (and drive the franc off gold), or follow the franc and drive the sterling area off sterling. If we wish to do neither, but to regain control of currency affairs by making full use of the resources of the Exchange Equalisation Fund, it means a currency "war" with Roosevelt. It is not a pleasant or a dignified situation.

* * *

Frankly, we British deserve what we get. We have maintained too long an attitude of lofty superiority, confident that we alone have the experience and skill to manage currencies and that President Roosevelt and his professors, rushing in where even angels with an Eton education fear to tread, are bound to make fools of themselves. But Roosevelt learns by experience : the Treasury and the Bank of England do not. On this page we have often deplored the shortsightedness of a Government which regarded it as more important to bring Hitler into a disarmament conference than Roosevelt to an exchange conference. The exchange value of the pound in relation to the dollar is of prime importance to certain groups of British exporters and to the wheat exporters of the British Empire. The Canadian dollar is almost bound to follow the American, and if Canada leaves the "sterling area," Australia and New Zealand will not remain long inside. It is, therefore, vital for Great Britain not to let things drift, but to reach an agreement with America (1) on the extent of the devaluation to be experimented with before legal devaluation is made effective, and (2) on the future working of a reformed gold standard. Why should we not declare our readiness, here and now, to work for the Roosevelt ideal—a currency with a stable internal purchasing power and a fluctuating gold exchange ? The Labour Party, at any rate, should not be afraid to adopt such a policy. It would involve, of course, taking practical steps to lift the British price level by the American methods of loan expenditures through Government agencies, but it would secure the support of most of the sterling area and enable us to bargain for a less unfavourable rate than $5.24 to the £. If we do nothing, we may be faced with a slowing down of our trade recovery.

* * *

If he can muster confidence in President Roosevelt's ability to make good in trade recovery as well as in social reform the speculative investor will no doubt be tempted to have a fling in the American market. An advance seems far more likely than a fall. Here is a list which gives a wide distribution of risk :

	Price.	1933 Divs. per Sh.	Est. 1933 Earnings per Sh.	1933 Div. Yield.
(1) Chrysler Motors ..	52½	$1.00	$2.80	1.90%
(2) Commercial Solvents ..	33¾	0.60	0.90	1.78
(3) Homestake Mining ..	315	24.00	36.00	7.62
(4) Patino Mines, $20 ..	19	Nil	1.50	Nil
(5) Public Service of New Jersey	40½	2.80	2.87	6.96
(6) Shell Union	8¾	Nil	Nil	Nil

(1) In the first ten months of 1933 Chrysler accounted for 25.3 per cent. of the total domestic passenger car business in the U.S.A. against 16.8 per cent. in 1932. Many Americans believe that Chrysler will become the dominant factor in the American motor trade : others are staggered by the futuristic designs of some of the new Chrysler cars shown at the motor show last week. Recently Chrysler has been selling more medium- and high-priced cars than General Motors. Estimates of earnings for 1934 range up to $6 per share.

(2) Commercial Solvents, a chemical manufacturing company, buys corn from the farmers and turns it into butanol, the base for the lacquer varnish on motor cars. It also manufactures industrial alcohol and is supplying the new whisky industry. Estimates of earnings for 1934 range between $3 and $4 per share.

(3) Homestake operates the largest gold mine in the United States and is enjoying the artificial high prices paid for domestic gold by the U.S. Treasury. It mills about 1,400,000 tons per annum and has about eleven years' ore reserves. The management is local and conservative. Current earnings at the present price of gold are about double current dividends. The chief risks are an increase in taxation and higher working costs.

(4) Patino controls the tin mining industry in Bolivia. It is therefore operating on the "tin standard." Its capitalisation is in dollars and it sells its tin in Great Britain in sterling, so that it is in the unique position of having its profits multiplied by the rise in the price of tin, by the depreciation in the dollar and by the fall in costs. Estimated earnings for 1934 range up to $4 per share.

(5) Public Service of New Jersey is an investment stock out of favour, being depressed in common with the utility group, but it is now believed that the Administration is not attempting to force reductions of rates on the public utility companies.

(6) The Oil Code is one of the few Codes which has increased prices more than it has increased costs. At the present level of gasoline prices, Shell Union should be able to earn sufficient to cover its preferred dividends. Arrears of dividend at the end of 1933 amounted to $13¾ per preferred share.

* * *

Of these somewhat ill-assorted shares (1), (2) and (5) will move with the general market, but (3), (4) and (6) are specialities. Moreover, it is possible that a quicker profit will be made out of the depressed preference stocks which have already begun to move upward. Shell Union 5½ per cent. preferred shares, for example, have risen from 57 to 69 this year, and having regard to their arrears of dividend ($13¾ per share) are still cheap. The preferred shares of some utility companies also offer scope for capital appreciation—for instance, the $6 preferred shares of National Power and Light, and of West Penn Electric both standing at around 50-55.

* * *

While home railway depressed preference stocks are being canvassed as among the most attractive speculative investments for 1934—for example, London, Midland and Scottish 4 per cent. 1st and 2nd preference stocks at 74 and 52, London and North Eastern 4 per cent. 1st and 2nd preference stocks at 64 and 38, and Southern 5 per cent. preferred ordinary at 68—it is interesting to observe that American railroad junior bonds, some of which are in the nature of preferred stocks, are standing at much more attractive levels :

	1933. Times Interest covered (est.).	Loans owed to Govt. Agencies (in millions).	Price.	Yield, %. Ann.	Redn.
(1) Baltimore and Ohio, Ref. and Gen. "A" 5% 1995 ...	1.01	$69.5	72½	6.90	6.95
(2) Ditto, Conv. 4½% 1960 ...			60⅞	7.39	8.15
(3) Erie Ref. and Imp. 5% 1967...	1.05	13.4	65¼	7.66	8.00
(4) Great Northern Gen. 4½% "E" 1977	0.86	None	69	6.52	6.70
(5) Illinois Central C. St. L. and No. 0 Jt. 5% 1963 ...	0.96	7.2	70 ⅛	7.07	7.50
(6) New York, Chicago and St. Louis Ref. 4½% 1978 ...	0.94	17.6	51½	8.74	8.90

(1) is a junior mortgage issue and (2) is an unsecured bond, both ranking, of course, prior to the preferred stocks. The Company is in a poor financial position, but is believed to have covered its bond charges in 1933.

(3) The Company's financial position is weak, but it covered all bond charges in 1933.

(4) is a junior mortgage obligation of the Company, the interest on which was not fully earned in 1933. The Company's financial position is, however, good.

(5) This holds a mortgage on an important mileage of the system between St. Louis and New Orleans. The Company did not earn all its bond charges in 1933, but the service on these bonds was probably covered. The financial position of the Company is fairly good.

(6) These are junior mortgage bonds and it is estimated that the Company fully earned their service in 1933. The Company's financial position is weak.

It should be added that the interest on all these bonds is subject to American income tax, but capital appreciation is the important factor.

COMPANY MEETING

BARCLAYS BANK LTD.

Mr. F. C. GOODENOUGH'S ADDRESS

The thirty-ninth ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank Ltd. was held on Thursday last at Southern House, E.C., Mr. Frederick Craufurd Goodenough, D.C.L., presiding.

After referring with regret to the retirement of Mr. H. T. Mitchell, one of the General Managers, and the appointment of Mr. W. O. Stevenson to be General Manager with the two remaining General Managers, Mr. A. W. Tuke and Mr. N. S. Jones, the chairman said (in part): The Net Profit for the year ended 31st December last, after having made full provision for all Bad and Doubtful Debts not already provided for, as well as for other contingencies, amounted to the sum of £1,604,679 14s. 8d., to which has to be added the sum of £577,760 14s. 10d., brought forward from the previous year, making together a total of £2,182,440 9s. 6d. to be dealt with. The profit shows a small increase as compared with the previous year.

There has been a considerable improvement during the year in many branches of industry, although it has not been sufficiently large to create any increased demand for accommodation from the Banks. Such small demands for fresh advances as have arisen have related to a great extent to the purchase or development of land, chiefly for the building of small houses. The woollen industry has had a better year. In recent months there has been a greater demand for coal. Engineering businesses have been more active. The iron and steel industry is certainly looking better, although many of the new contracts taken, while affording work, barely provide a profit. There has been some improvement in shipping and shipbuilding, but, even so, conditions in those two industries and in the cotton trade are still seriously depressed. Farming is in a very bad state indeed; young cattle have been almost unsaleable and the price of sheep and lambs continues at a very low level. Had it not been for the good corn harvest and the wheat quota system a great many farmers would now be in a desperate position.

Overseas Trade

Turning to the Board of Trade Returns relating to the Import and Export Trade of the country, these show that during the past year the total merchandise imports amounted to £675.8 million, which is below the figure of the previous year by £25.8 million, while British Exports at £367.4 million were greater by £2.4 million. Re-exports, however, declined by £1.9 million to £49.1 million. Imports, therefore, exceeded total exports by only £259.3 million, against £285.6 million in the year 1932. It must be borne in mind that the improvement in the overseas trading position has probably been due, to a very considerable extent, to the depreciation in the value of sterling. This should only be regarded as being a stimulant, and cannot be relied upon to produce more than a temporary and passing benefit. Until we have reached exchange stability the improvement cannot be accepted as altogether reliable.

The Allocation of Profits

Having regard to the present somewhat more favourable outlook, as well as to the sound and strong position of the Bank, both in the matter of liquidity and reserves, the Directors have decided to recommend to the Shareholders the payment of dividends at the same rates as for the year 1932.

They propose to allocate out of the Profit of the year a sum of £50,000 to Barclays Bank Widows' Fund for the provision of Annuities for the Widows of Members of the Staff, on the occasion of the Quinquennial Valuation of the Fund as at 31st December, 1933. It is the opinion of the Actuary to the Fund that the proposed allocation should, together with the surplus on the Fund and other sums available for the purpose, enable the same good rate of bonus addition to be made to the prospective Annuities for Widows, as for the previous Quinquennium. After dealing with the decision to extend the scope of the Staff Widows' Fund, the chairman continued:—

The International Position

I will now refer to international conditions. The past year has been crowded with events of great importance to the economic future of the world. It cannot be said that any common plan has yet been reached which would lead to the solution of those immediate and pressing problems which affect the whole world. Each country has been largely occupied with its own particular difficulties, and in building up various forms of protection against its neighbours. The failure of the World Economic Conference has given the impression that a setback has taken place in the progress of world recovery. In view, however, of the rapidity with which conditions in America and other countries were changing, it is clear that the holding of the Conference was premature.

It is, in my opinion, better that the Conference should have failed as it did, rather than that agreements should have been entered into which subsequently might have had to be undone. Sooner or later another Conference will have to take place. By that time it may be hoped that the various nations will have formed a clear view of their attitude towards international trade and other economic matters and be in a position to reach a definite understanding.

The question of War Debts has for the time being fallen into the background. There still continues to be no doubt that, in the interests of the whole world, a satisfactory final settlement would pave the way to the solution of many other international difficulties.

I think it may be said, notwithstanding the regrettable decision by Germany to transfer only 30 per cent. in foreign currencies on account of the interest and dividends due in respect of most of her long-term and medium-term foreign debts, in place of the 50 per cent. which she undertook to pay for the last six months of 1933, that her position is improving. It may be hoped that the reduction in payments can be considered to be merely a conservative policy, and that the future returns of the Reichsbank will show that she has been able to strengthen her gold resources and to build up her reserves. In any case, she appears to be gradually reducing her foreign bond obligations by exports of manufactured goods, the bonds being paid for in that manner. The holding of gold and foreign currencies by the Reichsbank has been increased by Rm. 122.4 million to Rm. 395.6 million during the second half of 1933. About Rm. 100 million of this increase, however, is known to be due to the repatriation of German capital.

In France the financial outlook has improved. The French Legislature have, at length, after previous attempts, passed a Finance Bill designed to help in covering the anticipated Budget deficit for the year 1934, which has been officially stated to be Fcs. 6,100 million, but may prove to be too low an estimate. This legislation makes provision for meeting the deficit, to the extent of Fcs. 4,476 million, by economies, and by the reimposition of taxation and by other measures. In the meantime, however, there has been a heavy decline in French exports, and the amount of gold held in the Bank of France has been reduced from Fcs. 83,017 million on 30th December, 1932, to Fcs. 77,098 million on 29th December, 1933. The ratio of gold to notes issued has fallen from 97.6 to 93.3 per cent. during the year.

It should be noted, when speaking of these and certain other countries which continue upon the Gold Standard, that in order to meet the difficulties arising from the fall in prices they have been forced to concentrate upon reducing costs of production. In the case, however, of those countries which have suspended the Gold Standard and have allowed their currencies to depreciate, the principal aim is to bring about a rise in prices by artificial means. It will be seen that, in this respect, the economic policies of the two groups are opposed the one to the other. As will be remembered, both France and Germany have already devalued their currencies since the War, with the result that many classes of their peoples living on fixed incomes are in a condition of relative poverty, and would suffer greatly through any further substantial rise in the cost of living.

The chairman then dealt with the situation in America and monetary policy being pursued by the United States, continuing:—

The American Tariff Policy

Apart from the recent crisis in the United States and the steps that have been taken to meet it, there will still remain for America the main problem of tariffs in relation to her position as a great creditor country. She will have to decide sooner or later whether or not it is economically possible for her present position to be maintained. There has grown up, not only in the United States but also in other countries, including Great Britain, a spirit which is antagonistic towards international trade and demands that nothing that can be made internally shall be purchased from abroad. At the same time, this policy insists that exports shall be encouraged by artificial measures in order to increase employment. Such a policy, as I think, is largely the outcome of want of confidence, due to the unsatisfactory post-War conditions throughout the world. It is my belief that the spirit of economic isolation, which is retrograde in its effect and tends to check world recovery and progress, will gradually disappear with a return to the Gold Standard, although it must be admitted that an early return to that Standard, either by Great Britain or the United States, or by both, would be impracticable at the present time.

In the meantime, so far as Great Britain is concerned, every effort should be made to take full advantage of the various international Agreements between ourselves and other countries already entered into or which it may be possible to make, while at the same time developing and extending the Ottawa Agreements.

Turning once more to our own country, a great amount of steady improvement has been made during the past year, and there is good hope for the future. It must be kept constantly in mind that improvement can only be slow, because of the difficulties of other nations which tend to delay that universal progress without which the damage done by the War, and the many subsequent mistakes in policy, cannot be repaired. There is no justification whatever for a boom, which would do great harm and give the country a real setback. In the meantime, it is a matter for congratulation that we are upon a sound financial basis, and that, largely owing to the wisdom of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the wild and unsound schemes proposed for currency and credit manipulation designed to secure a quick return to prosperity have been disposed of. We should realise that only by constant, patient and faithful adherence to sound principles can the credit of the country be maintained at its present high level in the eyes of the world, and that by these means alone can we hope to lead the world to eventual recovery.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.